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as featured on pages 28 - 32

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Health & Efficiency

INTERNATIONAL NATURIST WINTER QUARTERLY



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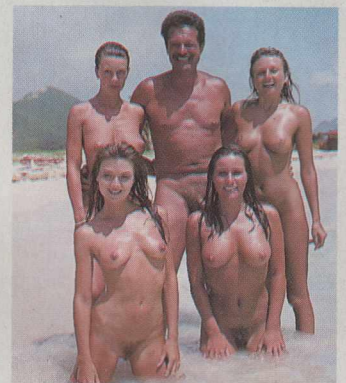
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The Men Who Refuse to Strip
How it Felt when Millions Stared at my Naked Body

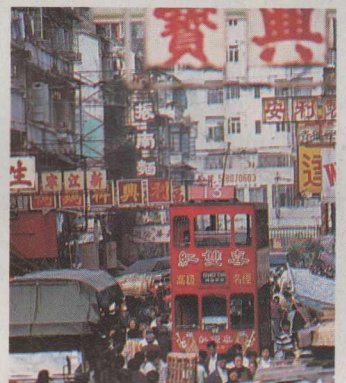
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Let's just enjoy it!

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Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review, Vim and Sonnenfans. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by national associations, clubs or other organisations. We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill. We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily

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SEX and the NATURIST

In the last of this series, Diana Roseman went for a stroll along the beach. As usual, she got talking, and received a few surprises. All that sunbathes is not naturist ...



NATURISTS ARE OK!

But what about Gays?

LUSTFUL LOVERS? LESBIANS?

Georgina and Tony are a happy couple. They've been naturists for five years, and I bumped into them on a free beach in the summer. When they first met, neither of them had even thought about naturism, but a local club held a nude swim; they were intrigued and went along to find out why the local papers had made such a fuss. They never looked back.

In other words, the usual sort of introduction for the pair of them to public nudity. So why am I writing about them in particular?

Tony, in this instance, is a girl's name.

As I chatted to them on the beach, I discovered they had been living together for ten years. But it soon became apparent that they were not only flat-mates, but bed-mates. There wasn't any open sexual behaviour; I could tell by the way they looked at one another. The occasional affectionate physical touch of one to the other spelt an unmistakable electricity between them.

Now, those bits in under the counter videos where two girls slurp all over each other leave me not only cold, but feeling sick too. Yet this couple were so openly affectionate, I felt happy for them, and could see that woman to woman sexual relationships obviously had something going for them - though you can still count me out.

But how were other people reacting to them on the beach?

I looked around. Nothing. The men wandering past were casting interested

glances in our direction - but that had nothing to do with Georgina and Tony's sexual inclinations, more to do with the men's!

Couples and families near by just carried on with their own thing. Two girls together on the beach? So what?

I asked Georgina if she had ever noticed any antipathy towards her or Tony. 'Only once. At the swim. Tony and I had been going there for some time, and one night was a party night. Well, just at the end of the evening I was just so happy about all the friends we were making there, the nudity - the whole atmosphere that night - that I just suddenly put my arms round Tony, as I would at home, and kissed her. It wasn't a long or passionate kiss, but one man who had just been talking to us just stalked off, straight away. When we went to talk to him again later, he just looked me straight in the eye, and said it was odd, they usually only let *couples* into the club.'

'He was just pissed off he hadn't been able to chat you up', added Tony lightly, but the incident obviously still rankled with Georgina.

Without naming names, I later talked to a standard m/f couple along the sand. What did they think of the fact that there was a lesbian couple on the beach? 'Doesn't bother me in the slightest', answered the chap. His wife looked a little more cautious about it.

'It makes me uneasy seeing two girls together. I haven't noticed whoever it is you're talking about today, but I have seen women together here before, who

were obviously more than good friends. It gives me the creeps, but I find I watch them all the time with a sort of horrid fascination. However much I try and concentrate on my book, or my knitting, I can't seem to tear my eyes away.'

Would she have preferred them to stay off the beach? 'Of course not! What right have I to dictate what others should do, or like. As long as their behaviour is not offensive, then they're as entitled to be here as I am. The same goes for the gays you see quite a lot of them here - the men I mean.'

Bill chipped in. 'That's just the problem, though, isn't it? They are behaving in such a way that you are left in no doubt that they are gays - and I don't think that's on. I don't want to see them, and I don't think anyone else does. Blokes cuddling on the beach? It's sick.'

'It's no different from the women, or from you and I having a cuddle. You've just not used to the idea.'

'No, and I don't want to be, thank you. Anyway, if you and I have a cuddle, it's just a quick affectionate one. I don't get all aroused, like you see some of those men. I tell you, it's sick. To tell you the truth, they should be rounded up and a hose turned on them. They're like fornicating dogs.'

I had to agree. From my point of view, it certainly can be offensive, whether it's man to man, woman to woman or straight. I don't need to have people's sexual activity stuffed down my throat - and I certainly don't need to see anything stuffed down anyone else's throat either, and believe me, I have seen it.

Eric, who'd been sitting on the fringe of this conversation, collared me a bit later on. To my surprise, he owned up to being a homosexual himself. 'I've got to talk to you, Diana, to correct that man's impression. Just because someone's gay, it doesn't mean to say he's going to go to the beach for an orgy - or even to chat anyone up. I just come here for a bit of pleasant relaxation and to enjoy nudity. The same as you or anyone else. Those *queers*', he used the word most emphatically, 'ruin everything for all of us. I mean, I wish the police would patrol this beach. Well, I wish someone would, anyway. Sex is private, isn't it. It's a crying shame. It took me a great deal of courage to 'come out' last year, both as a homosexual and as a naturist, and now I wish I hadn't.'

Why in particular?

'Because I don't want to be tarred with the same brush as *that* lot.' He pointed in the direction of the dunes. 'I've become very disillusioned. I came here because I didn't fancy the idea of a naturist club, but I'm giving it up after this weekend. Now I have told the world I'm a homosexual, I don't want to be within a million miles of the sort of behaviour I've seen here.'

'Round the next dune, I chatted to a whole bunch of people down for the day from a sun club.

'Hullo, how would you react if you

saw a flasher on the beach?'

Silly question, really, for a naturist beach...but they knew what I was driving at.

'Chop it off!'

'Tell him a worm's bigger.'

'Ask if he was having an asthma attack and then force my Ventolin right down his bloody throat.'

'Call the police?'

'No, we can police that sort of thing ourselves, I think.'

'Yes, the sea's not far off, is it? Or there's always that patch of sea holly.'

'Would anyone just ignore a man playing with himself?'

'I used to. But then one day, I got angry and thought why the hell should I let this pig of a man spoil the day for me. Besides, it's all very well laughing about it amongst ourselves, but what's a child to think? Naturism gives them a healthy outlook on sex, I think, and I didn't want that sullied by some pervert in the background. So I marched up and stood right in front to him. Then casually leant down - and threw sand in his face. That's my standard ploy now.'

'Serves him bloody right.' Everyone else muttered agreement.

'So a bit of vigilante action is a good idea?'

'Yes, but it musn't get out of hand. I'd call the police if I thought it was necessary or if they were nearby. They're not usually, of course, but we do know a few of the regulars who are also coppers,

so I suppose that could be quite useful.'

'I threw a bucket of sea water over an amorous couple once.'

'What do you mean *an* amorous couple?' piped up another voice. 'You threw it over *me*. All I was doing was rubbing sun oil in Susie's back.'

'And her front, and you'd been doing it for half an hour.'

'So what's wrong with that between friends?'

'Well, damn it, she was my girlfriend, not yours.'

The group collapsed into laughter, and I left them to it.

Finally, at the fringe of the beach, I met old-timer Gordon, and asked him whether he thought naturists were more liberal in their attitude towards those of differing sexual persuasions than the average dressed beach goer might be.

'Hardly! If you go back into the town, I could tell you where to find the gay bars. Go in one of them and your eyes would really come out on stalks. But it's acceptable there. They know where to go to enjoy themselves. The problem here is, it's a public beach' it's not segregated, so you never know what's going on round the next corner. I heard of a beach somewhere where they'd got it in sections, so you knew what to expect. A bit for the naturists, another bit for those who enjoyed hanky panky, and another bit for the gayboys. Sounds like an ideal solution to me.'

Sounded bloody daft to me.

**'I WATCH THEM
ALL THE TIME
WITH A HORRID
FASCINATION'**



A bit of womanly affection - or more - and does it matter?



We accept what we've grown used to ... gradually.

The NUDE Business

Out of every 1,000 Dreaming Couples, One Makes It



I used to pay my workers £4 a day,' said Kevin, 'but now they want £4 an hour.'

Kevin and his wife Denise have lived in Spain for ten years now, and have found that things have changed a great deal. Spain is no longer an inexpensive hideaway, but a modern European country whose reputation is growing in leaps and bounds.

Paradoxically however, Kevin and Denise have found themselves accepted more and more by the Spanish community. Their little girl Anita, was born in Spain and goes to the local school. She speaks Spanish better than English and her parents are bilingual as well.

Kevin comes from Yorkshire – he sold his farm and his taxi business to come to Spain – and the Spanish people admire him for living as simply as they do. For example, when Anita was born, they had no telephone to call for a midwife, their car had broken down, and the nearest



Susan Mayfield talks to a couple who gave up everything to live in Spain and run the naturist resort of Las Rozas.

hospital was at Almeria, fifty miles away. So Kevin delivered the baby himself. 'It's just as well I did,' he said. 'the whole thing only took two hours - we would never have got there to the hospital in time!'

But what about the naturism? It was always their idea to have a naturist place (although local rumours hint that a 'textile' place would attract more people, Kevin's not so sure and anyway, he wouldn't change for anything) so they chose a huge

Spanish country house with four secluded acres of land. There used to be a lot of mining in the area, and the traditional house used to belong to a mine-owner, and had been in the same family for generations.

All the rooms are built round a tall central hall - a balustrade goes round at first floor level, and the guests rooms open off it. Outside in the grounds are self-contained maisonettes to let, and also a large barn waiting to be converted.

There lives Kevin's worker and help-mate, Felix, whose family once lived in the house. He had nowhere to go due to family problems, so Kevin and Denise gave him a room for the night. The next day he started helping with the gardens and has been there ever since.

He also helps with maintaining the buildings and looking after the animals. Some are pets, and Anita will take you to see the latest litter of kittens in the old tower, while the

goats are delightful, affectionately providing their milk.

The gardens are a colourful mass of flowers and fruit trees, growing almost wild. They surround a barbecue area, for the use of visitors, and the camping area, where you can take your own caravan and even leave it there all year. Las Rozas charges an incredibly low yearly rental, less than £100, then you pay a daily fee of under £2 for the days you stay there.

It's a system that works well. Kevin is open all winter as retired people come to Las Rozas for the entire winter. Can you imagine it - living in sunshine, among fellow naturists, instead of stuck in some wintry bungalow in England, watching the rain stream down the windows? It's a tempting proposition...

But that's not all. The front of the house, approached through imposing country-manor style gates, has a bar (textile) where the locals also go, so if

you holiday in season, you can brush up on your Spanish as well. Denise runs a little shop of essential campers' supplies, such as milk, beer and wine, and will cook you a meal in the tiny restaurant if you book in plenty of time. 'Oh, we wouldn't let anyone starve,' she laughs.

There's a swimming pool too, in a delightful Moroccan style, surrounded by white walls and palm trees. And throughout the grounds, looking particularly charming, are renovated pony traps where everyone has to have their photograph taken on the last day. You can even sign one with your name!

Do you hunger for beaches if you stay in the country? Don't worry, the vast expanse of Vera Playa naturist beach is only three miles away, easily accessible by car or taxi, but inclined to be ten degrees cooler than the seclusion of Las Rozas. There are also tourist towns, such as Mojacar, where you can enjoy the stylised architecture or buy meals favouring every nationality under the sun.

Anyone visiting Las Rozas will find a warm Yorkshire welcome, reasonable prices, and a wonderful atmosphere. Unfortunately, they are still without a phone. (When you go on holiday, you will realise the difference between English and Spanish time.) Make sure you write in



Sue's friend Kelly taking it easy.

plenty of time, because the post is slow and Kevin and Denise may not have time to write back and confirm your booking. However, they promise that no-one who has ever just turned up has been turned away - there's usually a spare room among the ten apartments in the house, or the maisonettes in the grounds.

Write to Kevin and Denise Heffernan, Camping Las Rozas, Las Herrerias, Cuevas del Almanzora, Spain. If you are travelling by car, take the N340 coast road north from Mojacar, and turn left just over the river by Vera Playa it's sign-posted Las Herrerias. After two miles you will see the sign for Las Rozas. Of

course, you can also fly to Almeria, then hire a car.

Kevin and Denise also take holiday-makers who book through SunRich Holidays, available on 0525 373968 or 0225 777606.

A visit to Las Rozas is a unique experience - and if ever you have thought of going to Spain to start a naturist camp Kevin will tell you all about it. 'Well,' he says, 'I've got everything in life I could desire - my beautiful wife, my lovely daughter and my health. I sit in the sun, drinking a little beer with Felix, my gardener but also my friend - what man could want more out of life.'



Feeding time in the Farmyard.



Stop and unwind at Las Rozas.



Friends among the foliage.

**When you've got
a naturist
lover, you'll
do anything
to keep
him ...
by
Rachel
Hudson**

Five years ago everyone I knew seemed to be pairing up, moving in with their partners, or getting married. Now they all seem to be splitting up. Both patterns seem to be contagious.



LOVERS' WORK

As a teenager, it only took one girl amongst our group of friends to rush in with an engagement ring glittering possessively, and within six months we had enough sparkle on our hands to light up the high street during power failure.

It only took one account to be opened at the local department store, then we were all stocking up on 'His and Her' towels and matching mugs.

The thought of being wallflowers before voting age inspired us with terror. Our boyfriends were being hustled and

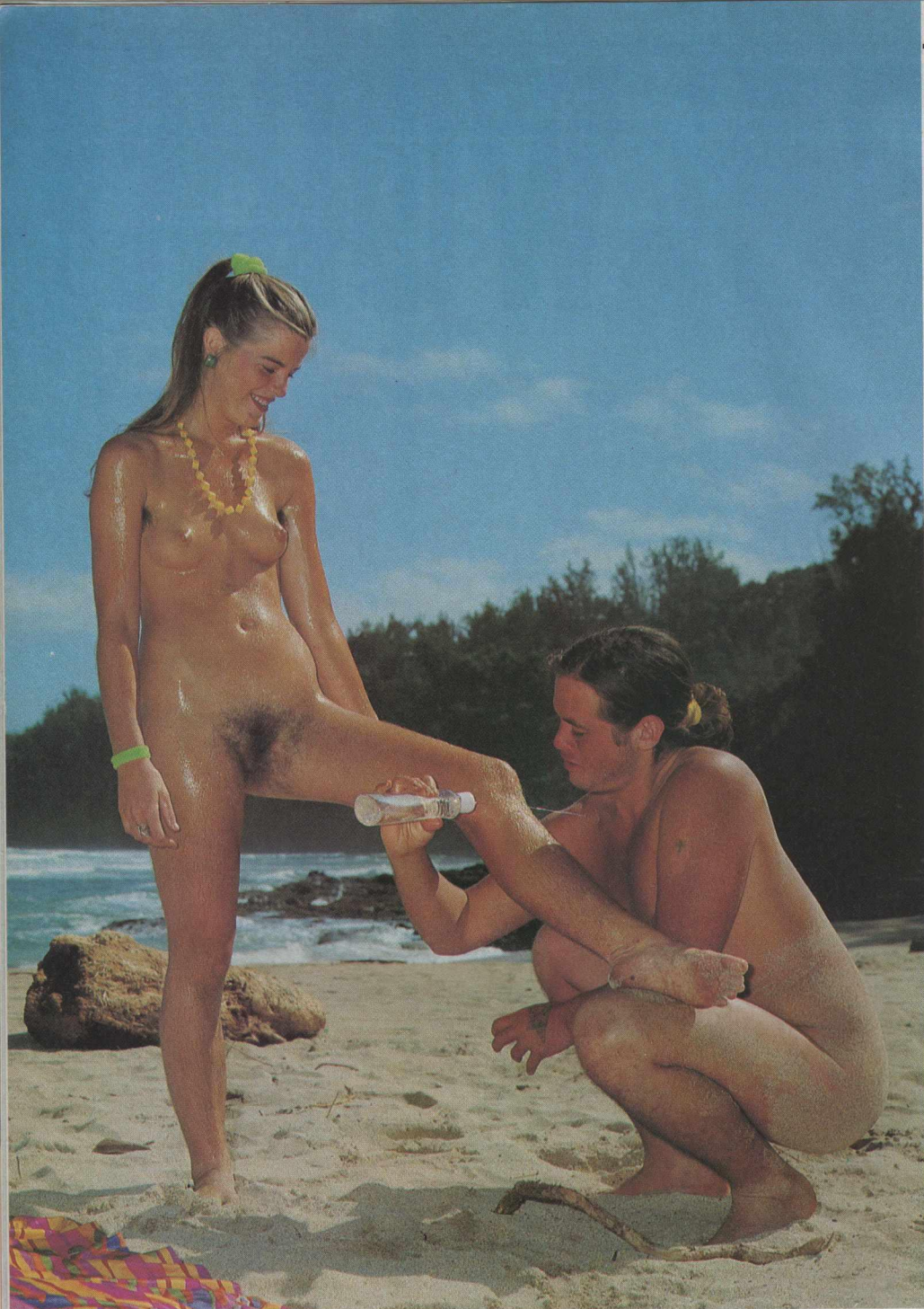


We've pulled ourselves off the rocks!

RIDING WITHOUT A SADDLE

scent indoors. Instead we all became unsettled, wistful, demanding.

One by one, the couples went their separate ways. My very best friend, Denise has now just announced her trial separation from Richard. And then there was me and my wonderful American lover/partner, Dag. We were heading for



Paying special attention to the sensual things.

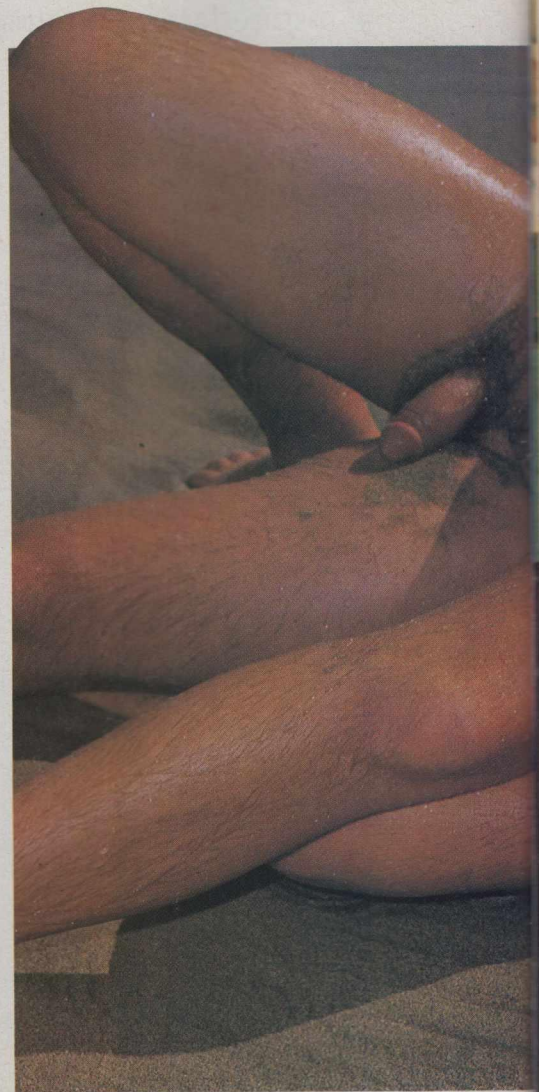
rounded into action, sorted by size and quality like buffaloes on a South American ranch.

We got our men, mostly. Although the sorting process didn't always run smoothly. There were the occasional false starts, and quick change rounds.

And now it's all change, ding ding, off one train and onto the next. It started with Maria, who in fairness, didn't intend to

split up from Michael. Things had been rocky for some time. One day he went into a flower shop to buy a bunch of carnations with a 'Sorry' message. He came out with the flowers - and a florist called Rose, believe it not.

Perhaps Maria's sorrowful tears and self-recriminations should have taught us all to look after our lovers, to start shaving our legs and using our best



the rocks, brimming with work tiredness, TV, and irritability.

He said we must stick together whatever happens. He believes what his parents told him. Marriage is not a bed of roses, they said; you have to work at it.

I'm not attracted to this idea. I have a fun approach to a relationship. There's enough dullness in normal life. The one thing we both insist on though, is making time for fun. It's easy, when you live with someone to let weekends slip by, or find too many chores to be done. Somehow you keep meaning to go to the

I didn't want to join my friends.



Working at having fun.



beach, club, go walking or whatever - but something gets in the way.

Dag and I made a resolution; it saved us. Whatever happens, one day or evening per week must be spent doing

something sensual together. Perhaps a day trip, maybe a visit to our local naturist swim and sauna. Occasionally we just spend an evening massaging and bathing. But on those days, we

switch on the answer phone and make an evening of it.

I guess Dag's right, we are working on our relationship. But it's a simply brilliant kind of work.



Things can be hard ...



... but it's pleasure in the end.

IRENE'S PEEP SHOW

In my early naturist days in America, I had no jargon for being a naturist. Just this feeling that it was stupid to get dressed to swim.

I worked as a bar manager in a cocktail lounge attached to a ten-pin bowling alley in lively Kansas City, Missouri. For the benefit of our customers, the management had installed a small jacuzzi and a sauna in the basement. It became a habit of the staff and a few select friends to go down to relax and unwind after closing time.

I would make a huge pitcher of iced Tom Collins and we would sit in the jacuzzi for hours chatting and sipping on the cool drinks, well hidden from the prying eyes of Missouri State Liquor Control inspectors who took a dim view of after hours drinking.

When we started our wet meetings, we would keep our undies on. It was summer and we didn't mind driving home minus our underwear. But when the weather started to get chilly, we decided that it made more sense to drive home in dry undies. Therefore, unknowingly, our sauna sessions became naturist.

Among the regulars that joined the staff were Pat and her shadow Theresa. Both divorcees, they would descend on the lounge around 9pm and order bourbon & ginger. They bowled with a Singles League three times a week.

Pat was in her mid-forties and probably one of the most attractive and well groomed women for her age that I've ever known. She was the ex-wife of Donald, a playboy, who traded wives every ten years or so for an identical new model a decade younger than her predecessor. Pat was the prototype wife, a shareholder in his very lucrative car dealership and maintained a strong finger on the financial pulse of his business.

Theresa was sweet-natured and poor. Her ex-ball 'n' chain ran off with a Las Vegas showgirl leaving her with three children. She adopted Pat as a role model and tried to be



THE LITTLE SNIP

her clone. She had the same blonde hairdo and copied Pat's designer clothes as faithfully as she could on a limited budget. Sadly as she aged she had developed an ugly double chin which defeated her attempts to emulate Pat's stunning looks.

'You ought to do something about your chin before it's too late,' said Pat rather crassly, lighting her cigarette with a gold lighter shaped like an owl with diamond eyes.

Six of us were lounging in the bubbling jacuzzi. The pitcher of drinks had gone around several times and we were feeling very mellow. Poor Theresa looked crestfallen.

'I know, but I can't afford plastic surgery.' She replied, self-consciously cupping the offending flesh with her hand. Sympathetically I refilled her glass and glared at Pat.

'Well, you're beginning to look like a turkey before Thanksgiving,' announced Pat,

as she leaned over to reach for the drinks.

'Gobble, gobble,' snickered Gary, the Lanes Manager.

The two cocktail waitresses giggled as they lowered their bare bodies into the water. Theresa blushed, close to tears.

'That's enough, I'll close the bar.' I warned them.

'Sorry Theresa,' said Gary throwing his arm around her naked shoulders. 'I love you just the way you are.'

'It's easy for you to talk,' she told him crossly, 'Your wife looks like Bo Derek.' She heaved herself to her feet. 'Come up with a plastic surgeon who will do a chin-tuck for nothing and I'll be first in line.' She tossed the challenge over her shoulder to Pat as she climbed out of the pool and grabbing her towel stalked, head high into the sauna.

'You really are a cow,' I said to Pat. 'She can't help her chin. There's no need to hurt her feelings.'

'Nonsense!' Pat replied matter-of-factly. 'A woman should do anything she can to save her looks. There's no excuse for letting herself go. I'll see if Donald has any ideas.' Dismissively she waved diamond encrusted

'You're beginning to look like a turkey before Thanksgiving'

fingers with impeccably manicured nails.

I was away for a fortnight on a family trip to Colorado, and returned to work just in time for the Interstate Bowling Championships. Coach loads of bowlers had arrived and were all drinking like camels after a Sahara crossing, so I had no time for conversation when Pat and Theresa came in.

'They've got news for you' yelled Gary over the din, nodding in their direction, when



IRENE JONES HOPPE recalls naked gin-sinking nights in the jacuzzi, where the pursuit of beauty went badly astray.

Kong. What's been happening?"

"Well, Donald, Pat's ex, plays golf with a dentist who's son is just setting up his own practice ..."

"As a piano tuner?" I interrupted wittily.

"No, silly, as a plastic surgeon."

"You mean you'd let some kid practice on your face?" "He's well qualified," protested Pat.

"Well qualified to play with Theresa's face, you mean." I said sarcastically. "How'd you like junior taking a scalpel to you?"

"That's exactly what I'm going to do," she said grandly. "I'm being done too - at Donald's expense of course. Then he's going to do Theresa's chin free, and maybe the bags under her eyes." She stood up, slim, wet body gleaming and started in the direction of the sauna.

"What the hell are YOU going to have done?" I called disbelievingly after her.

She turned lifting her hands to her face, about \$10,000 worth of diamonds gleaming from her fingers and ears in the soft, dappled sub-aqua lights.

"Just a little snip 'n' tuck behind my ears to stop my face dropping." She pulled the flesh over her cheekbones back. "And a lift to my eyelids." Then with a wink, she vanished into the sauna and we heard a hiss as she threw water on the lava rocks.

"Isn't it marvellous?" asked Theresa standing and reaching for a towel to follow her friend. "Like a dream come true."

"I don't like the sound of all this." I said gloomily to Gary, as he splashed his hairy body hippopotamus-like into the bubbles and

"Just mild painkillers," said Pat, taking a long sip of her bourbon and ginger.

"Some painkillers shouldn't be used if you're drinking," I said worriedly.

Theresa fished a paper out of her handbag and handed it to me. "Here's the instructions we were given."

I took it and read all the care instructions and then at the bottom in large, bold italics.

WARNING! IT IS ADVISABLE NOT TO CONSUME ANY ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE FOR AT LEAST SIX WEEKS AFTER YOUR OPERATION.

I squealed and jabbed my finger emphatically on the warning. "Did you bother to read this?"

"Oh, yes," said Pat nonchalantly. "But that refers to heavy drinkers. You know, the sort that have beer for breakfast. I told the Doc that we took an occasional drink and he didn't seem bothered."

'The warning is only for those who have beer for breakfast'

"Well, I've heard that drinking after a face lift can cause a disastrous effect."

"Maybe for people who've had drastic surgery. But not in our case, we've only had a little snip 'n' tuck," replied Pat patronisingly as she pushed her glass over for a refill.

I stopped working at the lounge soon after, to go back to college, so I didn't see either of them for about six months. However, I soon found a group of students who invaded the swimming pool of a local motel evenings for an illicit skinnydipping session, which was less confining than the jacuzzi.

Then, one morning, I caught a glimpse of Theresa harrying her children around the supermarket. We both waved a greeting across the throng. To me, her chin seemed as pendulous as before.

I was Christmas shopping when I almost collided with Pat in the Mall. I couldn't believe my eyes, the poor woman had aged twenty years. The skin across her cheeks sagged into heavy wrinkles, her eyes were sunken and there were deep furrows in her neck. I didn't dare mention the face lift, so our conversation was stilted.

"Hi Pat, long time - no see."

"Hi, how's college?"

"Fine, hard work. How've you been keeping?"

"Not too bad. Donald has a new wife."

"Really, how many does that make?"

"Lost count. Want to go for a drink?"

"Haven't time, got to go feed the kids. See ya Pat, Merry Christmas."

I drove away vowing that if I ever could afford a little snip and tuck I would be a stranger to the bottle for at least a year afterwards.

AND TUCK

he came over to eject a particularly obnoxious drunk for me.

"See ya'all downstairs after this shindig." I screamed back over the whirr of a blender of snowballs.

It was well after midnight when I melted my aching, naked body into the welcome foam of the jacuzzi. Pat and Theresa moved over so I could stretch my legs.

"What a night!" I groaned. "Animals all of them, I never want to make another drink again. I think the bowling convention attracted every underage hooker in town. Where is Liquor Control when you need them?"

Pat poured me a drink from the bottle of bourbon she had helpfully brought, hidden in her outsize Gucci handbag. "Did Gary tell you our news?" asked Theresa her face flushed with bourbon, steam and excitement.

"The only time I've seen poor Gary he was trying to reason with a drunk the size of King

sat down next to me with a sigh.

The surgery was done on a Thursday morning and to my amazement, they were back in the lounge Saturday night, wearing stretchy headbands around in front of their ears to hide the bandages and enormous dark glasses, Pat's with the legend 'Oscar de Laurenta' on the frames. Their faces were puffy with bruised eyes, but they claimed to be in no real discomfort.

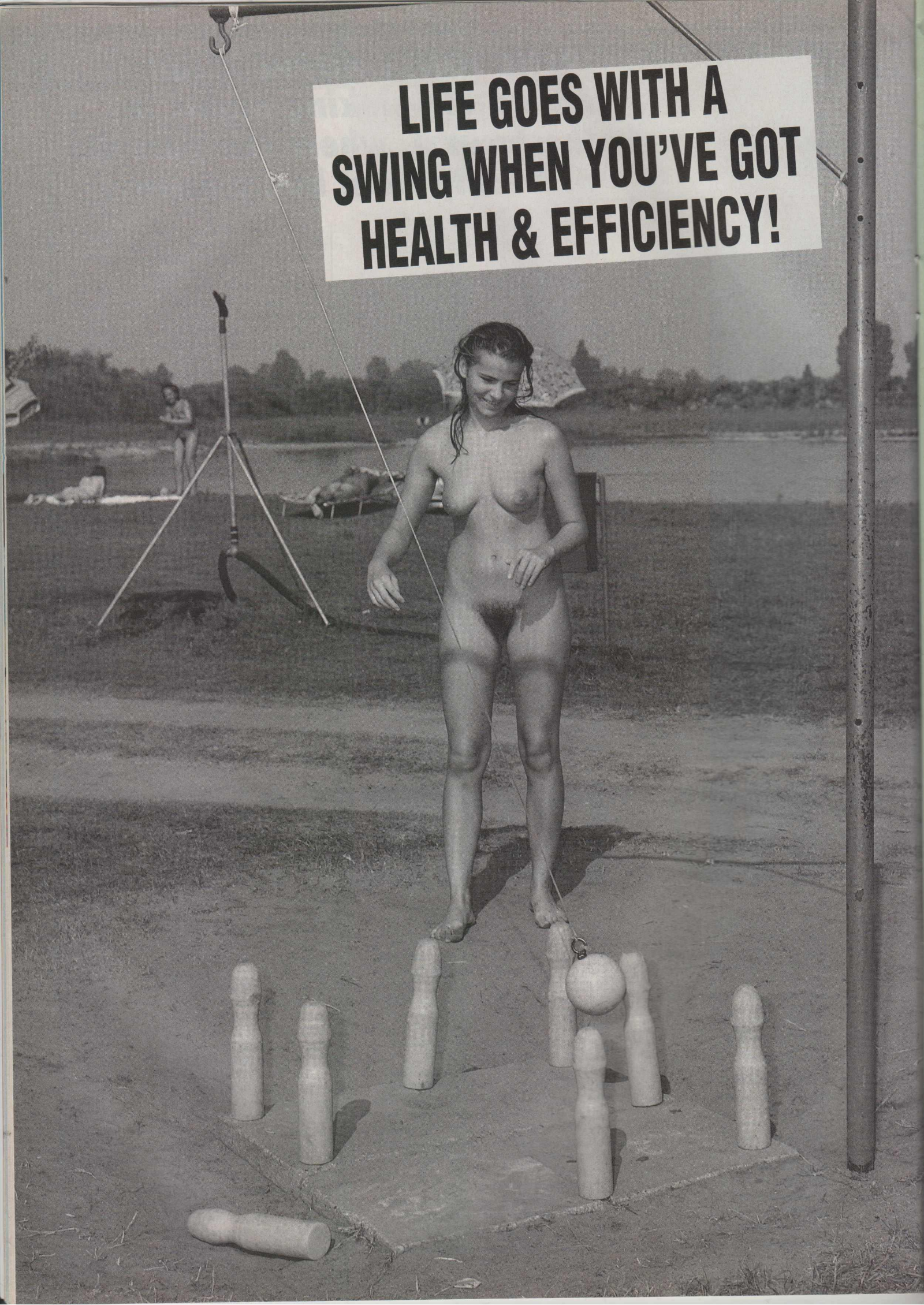
I served them their usual drinks. Then turned my attention to the Weight Waster's Bowling Club, who all drank bourbon with grapefruit juice in the fond belief that the juice neutralised the calories in the bourbon. When the lounge quietened down, Pat ordered fresh drinks and I had time for enquiries.

"What happens now?"

"The stitches come out in a week - then watch out world," said Theresa gaily.

"Aren't you on any medication?"

**LIFE GOES WITH A
SWING WHEN YOU'VE GOT
HEALTH & EFFICIENCY!**



With the right woman, a man can do anything. Peter, a lifelong naturist was inspired to an ideal naturist life, after meeting Gayle.

by Andrew Downey

When Peter first met Gayle he was more interested in the sun cream she was selling than he was in her. Both of them were awaiting the dissolution of their first marriages and neither was on the lookout for a new partner. However, when Peter, a nudist of many years next went into the sun and began applying the cream which he had purchased, his thoughts began to stray to the lissom lass who had sold it to him.

Over the next few days he saw her image arising more and more. when next he called at her place of business he summoned up courage and asked her out to dinner.

It was not long before Peter persuaded Gayle to accompany him on one of his frequent trips to South Auckland Sun Club only to discover that she, a veritable tyro, took to the nudist life like a duck to water.

Several weekend and holiday camps and many barbecues later they bought a carabus and headed for the South Island.

Not long after their arrival, they visited 'Pineglades'. This beautiful 17 acre property of the Canterbury Sun Club, so attracted them that they



KIWI

COURTING

immediately sought membership. (having decided to sell up their assets in South Auckland and remain permanently domiciled in the South Island. Their next project was to buy one of the charming little chalets scattered over the Sun Club's grounds.

As luck would have it, one soon came up for sale and when all the details were finally settled Peter asked Gayle to marry him. At first the thought of a nude wedding interested them both but outside influences eventually forced them to give up this idea.

This September weather was still too cold for nudity, the non-nudist Marriage Celebrant wasn't interested – and then there were the ordinary textile guests, who would be coming from as far away as Auckland.

Therefore Peter and Gayle decided to do things in style so out came all the bridal trappings, the

dresses, the suits, the bouquets and just a limited number of guests for a small wedding at 'Pineglades'. Because of the size of the membership, it was not possible to

Celebrant and then the bridal party.

But no sooner were the formalities out of the way then 80 or so members of Pineglades converged on the happy couple to celebrate their union with

As he rubbed the sun cream on his naked body he kept thinking of Gayle

invite more than a handful of nudists.

Then things began happening that were not planned. The great day arrived, and all was going well. The guests arrived and were not phased with their nudist surroundings, they were joined by the Marriage

Champagne. One woman had even written a poem for the occasion and delighted all with the way she put it over.

It was not a Nudist wedding but with its friendly and informal atmosphere, it expressed the spirit of the Naturist movement as a whole.

For those in the Northern Hemisphere who do not know much about New Zealand it is a country made for social nudity. For around six months a year, October to March, you can shed your clothes. But it is a long narrow island which stretches from the sub-tropical to the sub-antarctic, about a thousand miles in length, so there is a variety of climates between the extremes. Auckland, where this story begins, is near the sub-tropical end, and Christchurch (the most English city in New Zealand) where this story ends, is nearer the sub-antarctic where they experience very hot summers but rather cold winters. Christchurch is about 20kms north of Pineglades, living as we do has been a romantic dream come true.

GOING PLACES



If you arrive by coach, you'll probably want to turn straight back. The backs of the apartments which overlook the area where most tour operators pull in look like a fortress. Plus, you'll have coach-lag if you've come from England. You'll get over it quickly.

The operators try to get you settled in to your apartments as soon as possible. Baggage is hauled through the building out into the sunshine, where the vista changes instantly to that seen in all of the brochures.

Newcomers immediately realise that some of their fellow travellers have been there before as faces are recognised by staff and other holiday makers. Le Cap is very similar to a large international club, lifelong membership of which is provided free then attending the first holiday.

Most of the apartments are privately owned, and subsidised throughout the year by letting to visitors. They find that visitors usually take good care of their apartments.

You're starving!

Your first trip will probably be to the nearest Centre Commercial, or shopping arcade to stock up on the necessities. You can buy most familiar goods (except baked beans).

The shop keepers all speak passable or excellent English, which is just as well in most of our cases. A serious attempt at their native tongue usually results in maximum customer satisfaction. For those with experiences of Calais Hypermarket assistants or weekend trips to Paris, there is no comparison. Remember, even the French don't like Parisians.

On the beach

By visiting Le Cap with an established tour operator, free use of a swimming pool is included in the price of the holiday. To use another of the four pools available, there's a daily fee of about FF10.

Sun loungers and cushions will normally

Everything you need to know and more besides on France's famous nudist city

by T. Gardiner

be free on the Saturday when new holiday-makers arrive, but will attract a small hiring fee of a few francs during the rest of the week. Well worth the expense if you forget your inflatable loungers. If a pool is not your scene, then the gloriously clean and expansive beach is only a few minutes walk from even the furthest point in the complex. Do wear footwear though, as dogs also love going walkies by the sea.

Safety and the Done Thing!

Take your own towel (to sit on in restaurants and bars). It is considered the done thing to wash off suntan lotion, sweat or sand before diving into a swimming

THE FIRST TIMERS GUIDE TO CAP D'AGDE



pool and to enter the pool area through the foot bath.

Tap water is perfectly drinkable anywhere in the complex but too many mouthfuls of the Mediterranean are not advisable even though the water's along the Gulf Du Lion coast are quite acceptably clean.

Local market food is perfectly safe, but be cautious when buying raw or part cooked meats and poultry. Local restaurants in nearby villages and towns are probably safer than in England as even the locals make a habit of eating out. You'll probably find all the shops that you need at the Port Nature complex, but for something different, a FF60 taxi ride into the old town of nearby Agde, or a 30min walk along the beach to the textile market at Marseillan will certainly provide that missing extra.

Great Days Out

The textile area of Cap d'Agde is only a 20 minute walk in the opposite direction and has a wealth of harbour side shops and restaurants. Aqualand, the famous water amusement park, is also near the harbour



I'm back!

and well worth one visit if you've got kids. You can hire a car for about FF500 a day, and visit places like Narbonne, the caves at Clamousse and the old fishing port of Sète.

Good Sports

On peak periods you can try your hand at parascending, water skiing, jet skiing and windsurfing. A local subaqua club appears at the Waikiki pool once or twice a week and is happy to give a free demonstration of underwater swimming with the aid of an aqualung. Further lessons can be arranged during the rest of your stay but at a price, of course.

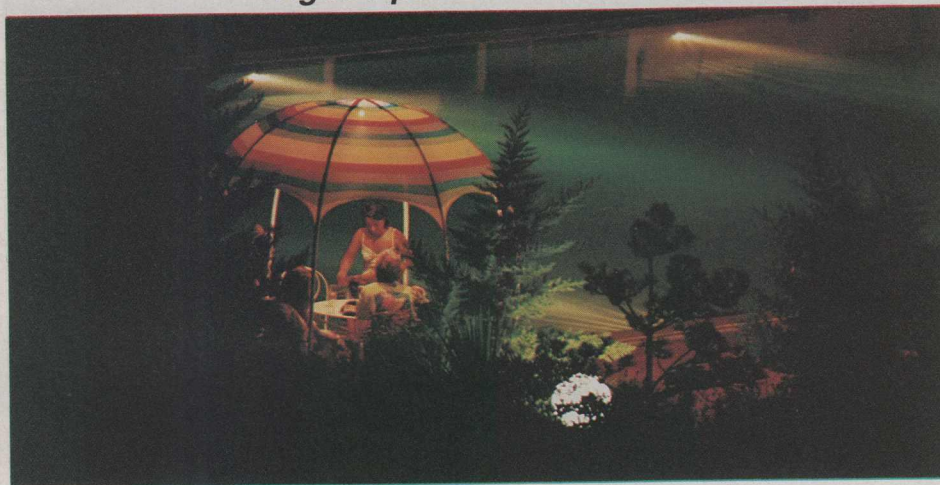
Our favourite activities were to wander around totally free, taking life at its slowest pace, a surge of adrenalin only occurring when reading the menu outside the restaurant, or when spying a fully but scantily dressed local beauty teasing the holiday-makers.

Snap Happy?

I have aroused the flow of adrenalin in other people once or twice by appearing around the complex with a camera slung



Agde's peaceful harbour.



The perfect poolside pina-colada!

over my shoulder.

The rules are simple in this area of interest; keep your lens pointed at your partner or children, friends or model as long as they are aware of you and have agreed. Indiscriminate snap-shooting is liable to invite a good dressing down from the local Sécurité or at best a confrontation with a gaggle of finger wagging naturists. The best times to take souvenir photographs of the complex and its environs is either early in the morning, or discreetly between two and four o'clock on a hot afternoon when all sensible naturists are enjoying the cool of the shade.

Rain doesn't appear very often, but when it does you see a rather Pythonesque picture of totally naked people sheltering themselves from the rain with newspapers, towels or paper bags as they continue to stroll along.

Camcorders with play-back facility should not provide any problem as long as the basic rules outlined above are followed. The end result can be played back to interested parties; they might lose their inhibitions once they see themselves on film and realise that your intentions are above board. I always carry a supply of photocopied H&E model release forms, just in case I come across a potential model.

Look After Your Body

Medical facilities are available on site as are full banking facilities and a pharmacy. Suntan lotions, like the bar prices, tend to

be a little on the expensive side so stock up before you go.

Home again

If there is a down side to this type of holiday at all, then it must be the duration of the coach journey each way. The vehicles used are extremely comfortable and the drivers are always helpful, cheerful and totally on top of their job. Depending on the length of your legs, the seating could seem a little cramped after a while and stiffness begins to set in. Overcome this by getting up and walking about, going along to the drinks dispenser for a drink of hot coffee or tea, or even a visit to the loo which is a little on the small side for a lot of tastes and so doesn't encourage long stays.

Be warned, the refreshment stops are usually made at Autoroute cafés which are nearly always busy and a little on the expensive side. It is a wise move to pack a ration of sandwiches or rolls into the hand-baggage for eating whilst on the move. The rest periods at Autoroute stops can then be used to stretch the legs and get as much fresh air as possible.

Be sure to bring a cushion or inflatable head-rest of some sort as this should enable even the most excited passenger to get a little sleep in each direction. A good book and a personal stereo, the quiet kind, are also recommended to alleviate boredom.

Go on, give it a try, and join the ever growing club of Francophilic naturists as we have.



The apartments are only seconds from the sea.



Life's always easy at Agde.



... AND NOW,

IT COULD BE

YOUR TURN!

WHETHER YOU ARE HOLIDAYING ON YOUR OWN, WITH YOUR PARTNER, OR WITH YOUR FAMILY, H&E READERS' HOLIDAYS CAN OPEN UP A WHOLE NEW WORLD OF FUN FOR YOU. OUR 1993 DESTINATIONS HAVE YET TO BE FINALISED, BUT, IF YOU'D LIKE DETAILS, SEND IN THE COUPON BELOW AND A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE AND WE'LL SEND DETAILS AS SOON AS WE HAVE THEM.

Oh Dear! What Can The Matter Be?

Dear Pru,

On holiday abroad my wife is inclined to adopt certain French practices. Not what some people might think. No, she forgets what her mother told her about getting a good egg & bacon breakfast inside her and wastes good money on these fancy so-called Continental breakfasts.

It's the croissants that cause the trouble - all the crumbs and flakes that fall into the lap. Last year a little girl pointed at my wife pigging herself and asked loudly: "Mummy, why has that lady got golden dandruff?" Most embarrassing!

Dear Roy,

If you want my honest opinion, I think you and your wife would be better off staying in Britain. If you insist on France, then you have to be prepared to adapt. Most holiday-makers at Cap d'Agde are French, German and Scandinavian, people with much wider appetites than we British.

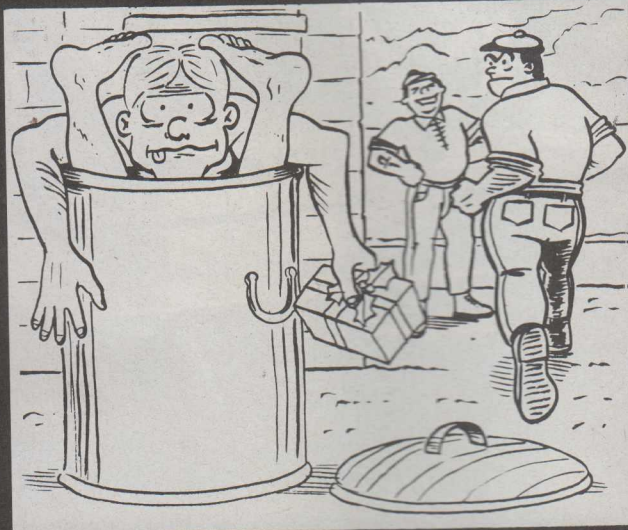
Dear Pru,

I'm worried about my husband. I don't mind a romp on Brighton beach with him, even in February. But I think he's beginning to take his naturist beliefs a bit too far. At Christmas he went to answer the door, stark naked, to give the dustbin men their Christmas box.

They were a bit surprised, as you might imagine, but being men of the



PRUDENCE WHITGONE has a unique approach to her readers' naturist problems.



INTRODUCED TO H&E BY NICHOLAS WHITTAKER

world they were able to laugh it off with a few rather crude remarks.

However, when my husband suggested that they could have a mince pie if they came in and took their clothes off they got a bit nasty. What's the best way to explain to him that naturism isn't everyone's cup of tea and that it's a bit risky to try forcing it on people?

Dear Brenda,

You're obviously a sensible and loyal wife and your concern for your husband's welfare does you great credit. Was your husband wrapped up a little too well as a child? Swaddled and coddled, many men tend to go over the top when they taste the heady freedom of naturism.

There is certainly a great risk involved in soliciting outside parties. While many dustmen would undoubtedly find social nudity a refreshing change, most would be unwilling to admit it in the company of their mates. From your postmark, I guess that you live in what used to be called the Stockbroker Belt. If your husband feels that he has a mission to spread the naked gospel, perhaps you should consider joining a club in an area with a wider social mix...

Dear Pru,

What's the best way to get out of textile

ways of thinking during a naturist break? So ingrained are my husband's habits, that he is forever causing himself injury when we are both au naturel. He has been limping for two weeks now, since stubbing out a cigarette with his foot - the poor chap forgot he had no shoes on!

He is a naturist of the old school and even regards my painted toe-nails as an unacceptable sign of textile thinking. Painted devils he calls them, which always upsets me since I was brought up to think of them as the five little piggies.

Dear Mrs P,

Apart from your husband giving up his filthy weed habit, by far the best remedy, don't forget the ubiquitous flip-flops. Yes, I know they are ugly and make an infuriating noise, but we must learn to live with it.

If naturists eschewed every conceivable man-made object, Cap d'Agde would be full of bald-headed toothless men short-sightedly bumping into café tables and falling into the marina!

Bear in mind what I said; get the bloke to give the Raleigh rasps the old heave-ho unless he's after the long goodbye: from what information I have gleaned through my ouija board, there are no naturist facilities in the great beyond...

Dear Pru,

I feel so ashamed. My husband and I have been banned from our local naturist circle over a terrible misunderstanding. It was to escape from the confines of clothes that we chose to become naturists, but now clothes have been our downfall. My husband's trousers have made us into social outcasts. Let me explain...

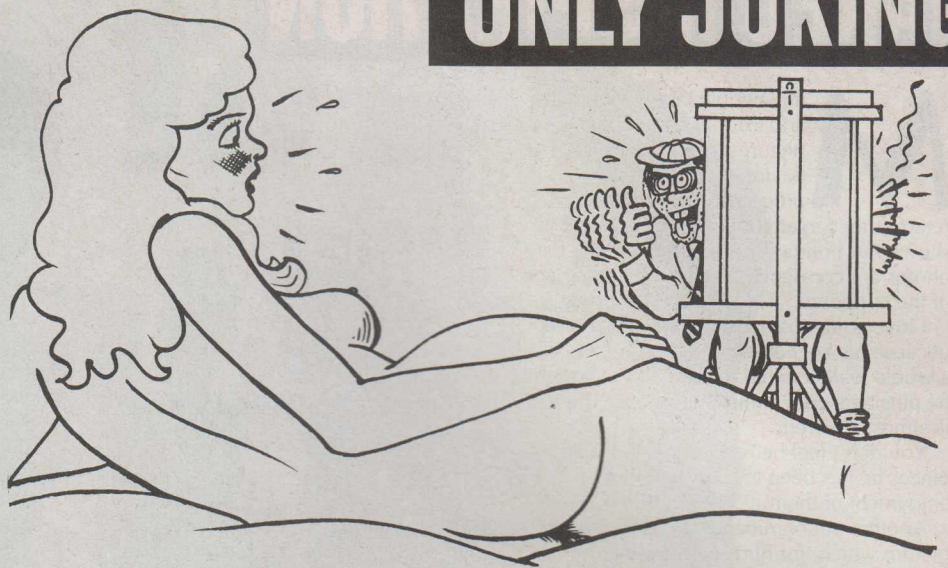
Though I have constantly urged my husband to change his tailor my husband cannot do it. He says the man represents unbeatable value for money, apart from that, they used to go train spotting together as boys. As my husband is now his only customer, I feel that this puts intolerable emotional pressure on him.

Sadly accustomed to badly-fitting trousers, he was in the habit of absent-mindedly adjusting his testicles, which led to the shame of excommunication from our naturist circle. My explanation was met with barely concealed scepticism, and it was not until I obtained a character reference from our bank manager, and (reluctantly given) supporting evidence from the tailor that we were re-admitted.

Dear Worried Wife,

My advice is of the short sharp shock variety. Report this self-styled tailor to his professional association, if indeed he's ever been fit to join one. Alternatively, send a letter to his bank manager outlining your doubts about his chances of survival without your husband's patronage. This should worry them enough to cancel the man's credit facilities.

Your husband has done his fair share and his priority should be to re-establish your credentials at the naturist club. I don't think these shadows on the character ever quite vanish, but people will forget given time. It is vital to keep your husband's hands occupied in other pursuits. Buy him a set of worry beads. It's a charming Mediterranean custom and the noise



will make a pleasant change from the constant irritation of ping-pong and flip-flops.

Dear Pru,

Our daughter says that sailing from Dover is like shedding an excruciatingly tight corset. Sometimes she makes us quite embarrassed, hollering over the rail: 'Good riddance, you Anglo-saxon prudes.'

Last summer, while my wife and I were in the Duty Free Shop we were disturbed by a commotion on the deck. Imagine our consternation when we found our daughter sunbathing topless and positively revelling in the rowdy shouts of encouragement from a party of students from Northampton. Yes, we are naturists and far from prudish, but surely topless sunbathing is more appropriate to a cruise liner than a cross-channel ferry?

We were worried that the Purser might bring a charge under some section of Marine Law, but he said it was fine by him. Our daughter blames us, for bringing her up with the naturist ethic, but we think she's being unfair.

Dear Sidney,

My advice? Carry on with your duty-free shopping and leave the poor girl alone. You say you are not prudes, but it seems to me that you're more interested in freedom of excise duty than freedom of choice. If your daughter enjoys the feel of the sea breezes on her breasts, then good for her. It obviously meets with the approval of the boys from Northampton.

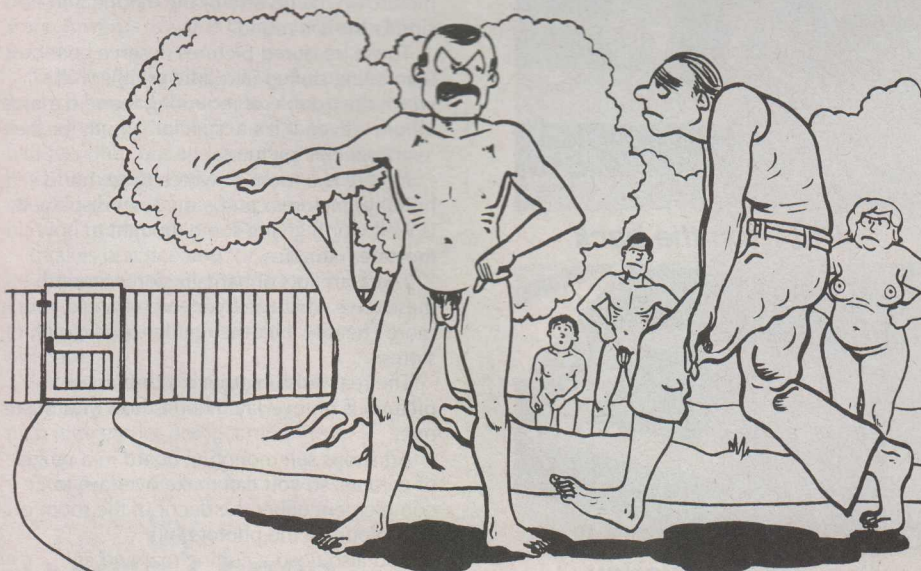
Where is the harm in it all? Perhaps you think that the ozone will go to their heads and cause some kind of licentious outbreak! You would do well to heed your daughter's sentiments about Anglo-Saxon prudery. Naturism is all about shedding pre-moulded thoughts as well as clothes!

Dear Pru,

As committed naturists, my husband is trying to persuade me to cash in on it by getting an evening job as a nude model at the local art college. I feel that he is trying to commercialise my feminine assets. Anyway, I have been offered a part-time job at Tesco's, so it's not as if we need the money so desperately.

Dear Freda,

You're quite right to question your husband's motives! My own experience of men tells me that there's more to his suggestion than meets the eye. Most men would be insanely jealous to think of their wife being eyed up and down by spotty students feigning interest in the arts. But sadly there are some who are "turned-on" by the idea, and it would certainly lead to extra demands on you when you came home after the classes! Insist on working at Tesco's, and remind hubby about the staff discounts. It's not many who will put their libido first when there is a chance of saving money!



NAKED INSPIRATION

Many people take a lot of time and trouble on holiday, taking pictures; spend pounds having those pictures processed, and when they return, they forget about them. Once we've shown our holiday snaps to friends, the photos are consigned to oblivion at the back of the cupboard.

I love going to a particular friend's home because his kitchen is so interesting. He has a whole wall covered in cork tiles to which he pins treasured family snap shots. The wall is almost covered.

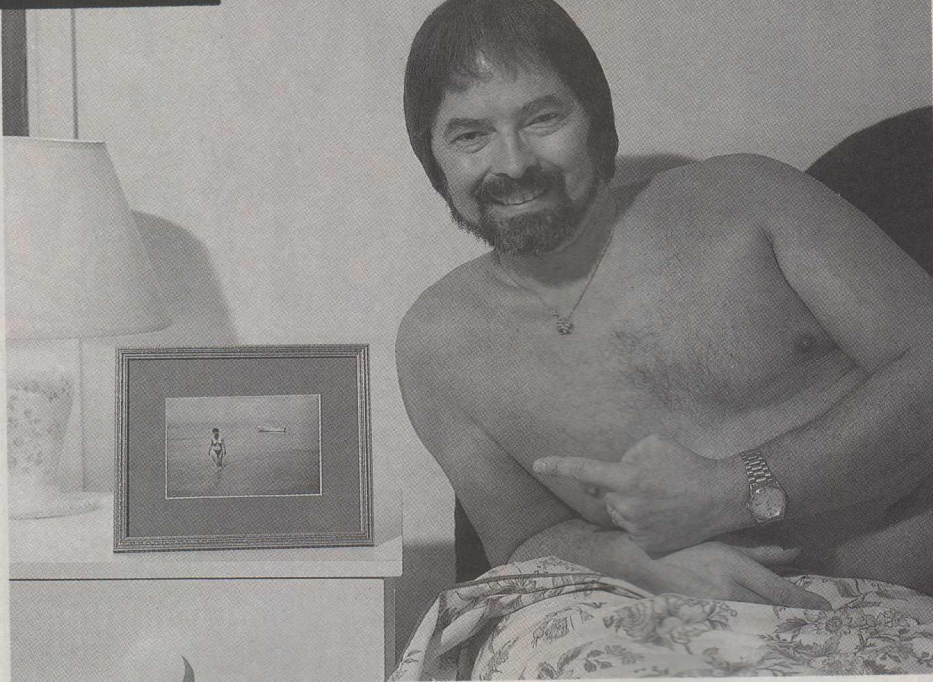
You don't feel he is boasting about the places he has been to, but share his enjoyment of them.

Another pal of mine always chooses one picture which, for him, sums up the atmosphere of the holiday. He frames that one and adds it to a display running along the wall going up the stairs. (It is now progressing along the landing) The display is highly treasured; yet the pictures in their good frames, cost a lot less than the tacky souvenirs that are on sale in most resorts.

In these pictures, neither he nor any of his family appear in any one of them. They are pictures of the landscapes, seascapes, dawns, sunsets, sleepy villages, bustling streets, beautiful beaches and friendly tavernas.

Naturist snaps need a different approach. Whilst we may be naturists, our friends and family might not be; there is no sense in inviting trouble with an open display of our naked portraits.

Isn't it a waste though, that those pictures,



All my own work!

the ones we might treasure most, are consigned to the back of a drawer, when they could be displayed and enjoyed.

One naturist friend of ours has a neat solution.

He has a lovely looking set of matching photograph albums on book-shelves either side of his hearth. The ones on the left are green, the ones on the right are all red.

No-one ever takes an album down without being invited.

The albums are colour coded, like traffic lights, green for 'go', red for 'stop'.

People who only get shown the green photo albums never seem to wonder why they are not shown the red ones.

There are often rooms in our houses which are kept private, sometimes the bedroom.

My friend, Ivor, has a very neat trick. He is a very keen amateur photographer. He often enters pictures for the local camera club exhibitions, and has become good at presenting pictures by mounting them on card. First he sticks the picture to a piece of card, and then cuts a neat aperture, the shape of the picture and very slightly smaller out of another piece of card, this is then laid over the picture to form a frame.

Ivor works from home and in his office is a large print of a beautiful nude study he took of his wife some years ago. Only close friends know it is there.

The picture disappears on the very rare occasion when anybody else visits his private domain. He has put a different picture on the reverse of the mount, and he simply turns it round.

Those treasured pictures deserve better than being stuffed in a drawer; it is well worth the trouble of mounting them in a nice album – even if it's a 'special' album for the 'extra special' pictures.

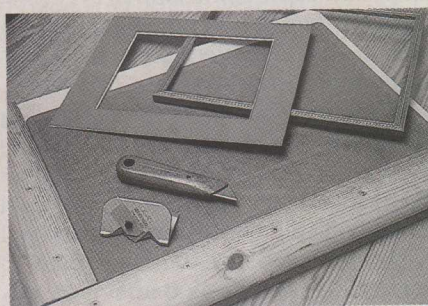
If there is a room in which those nude holiday pictures can be on open display, it is well worth giving some thought to how they are framed.

There are lots of bargain stores around these days which sell very nice frames, much more cheaply than the regular photographic stores.

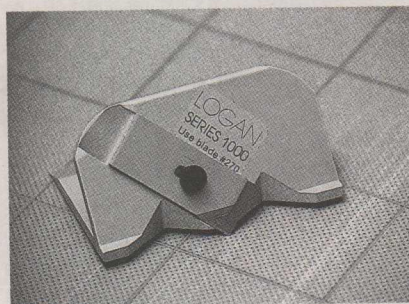
The real finishing touch to a framed picture, is an overlay. Here is how you make one.

Art shops sell mounting board in a range of colours, so you can make overlays to complement either the decor of the room or the colours in the photograph.

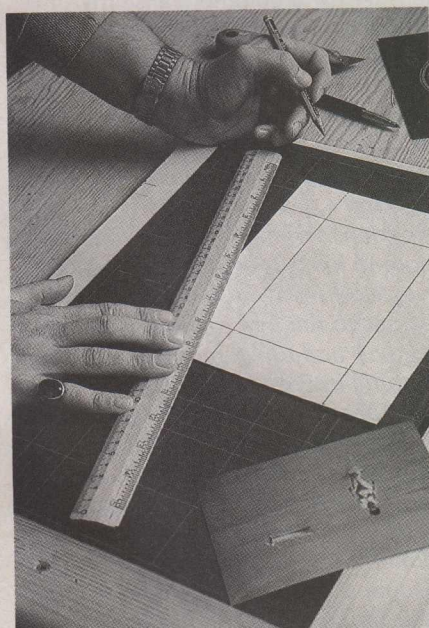
You also need a cutting mat and an



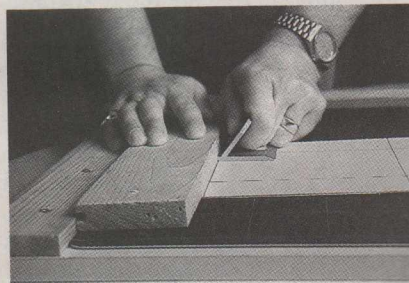
This is all you need.



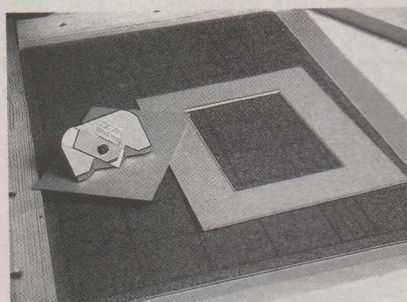
Overlay cutting knife.



Measure and mark first ...



Cut from the back.



... your overlay

How To Mount Your Wife!

When you've shot your family on holiday, don't just dump them in an old cupboard. Mount them! Frame them! Let others see the results of your work!

overlay cutter, a special knife in which the blade is set at an angle so that you get a nice bevelled edge.

Choose a frame larger than the picture and measure and cut a piece of board to fit the frame.

Then, on the back of the board, mark the edges of an area about a quarter of an inch less all round than the area of the photograph. Using a nice sharp new blade and a stout piece of wood to get a straight cut, you then cut out the centre, making sure that the blade of the cutter is cutting *outwards* towards the edges of the mount from the back, that is so that the bevels will slope *inwards* towards the picture from the front.

Take the knife blade at least a quarter of an inch beyond the corner of the picture area and, when you turn the card over, the centre will just drop out and there is your overlay, ready to have the picture placed behind it, struck down with masking tape and spilled into the frame.

It takes practice and the mat and knife can be expensive (about £10-£12 each). The card comes in sheets at about £1.50 but they are large enough to make several overlays.

Indeed, if you belong to a club you could even find yourself on to a nice little earner doing a mounting service.

Go on – get your wife framed!

by
JAMES LEWIS



What happened when Charlie's girls go wild in the Caribbean? Alison Jackson tells how the video 'Treasured Island' was made.

It was a wet Monday morning; worse than that it was 5am. Yet I was perfectly happy to be up and heading for Heathrow. I was to meet Charlie Simonds and the rest of the modelling team, Katie, Amanda and Adele. We had a 10 day assignment to St. Martin in the Caribbean.

We arrived at the Club Orient resort feeling tense, hot and sweaty after 12 hours of flying, waiting around and losing our cases, and although the sun had gone down, we just all stripped off. Even Jane, Charlie's assistant did, even though she isn't a naturist and didn't intend to be.

The beach was just outside our chalet. Dipping my toes into the water was so sensually refreshing that I ran forwards whooping and laughing splashing and falling as my whole body was enveloped by the clear turquoise, tepid swell of a gentle wave. Our tensions evaporated into the lightly scented balmy Caribbean air.

My usual hectic London existence where I run around like a headless chicken seemed ridiculous and I chuckled at myself.

Enjoying the sensuality of the sea was like discovering a secret lover. We all must have felt the same because after supper we returned for a moonlight dip. We just couldn't keep away and were there again at 6am the next morning. This had to be as good as it gets.

We had a chance to totally unwind on our first day as Air France were still tracing half of Charlie's equipment. We explored our resort and did plenty of swimming. There was a raft that Adele and I swam out to and then sunbathed on, nude of course. We also donned our goggles and swam under water where we saw many little fish.

The evening was spent discovering the drink of the island; Guavaberry. It was a real treat to relax naked in the little bar right on the beach listening to the background crash of the Caribbean waves.

Charlie's equipment turned up and we eventually got down to some serious work – if you can call it work. We were making the H&E film *Treasure Island*. I was nervous; I'd done very little acting before, and although the film is supposed to be a fun venture I still wanted to be as credible as possible.

Charlie wanted us to ad lib and improvise as much as possible to keep the text fresh and natural. For some of the more complicated scenes we rehearsed very hard and were quite critical of ourselves. Often the more difficult scenes took just one or two takes, whilst a really simple shot sometimes had to be repeated many times.

It's lethal if someone gets the giggles or does something



SECRET LOVER

H&E ON LOCATION



OF ST. MARTIN

silly, although it makes for great viewing when you look at the rushes at the end of the day.

One scene involved Adele falling asleep and having a strange dream that she was on a pirate ship and was being forced to walk the plank. In the dream, myself and Amanda are tied to the main mast supposedly being held captive by pirates. We had to do a couple of takes on this scene as being tied up, naked struck me as being a bit close to bondage, and I couldn't keep my face straight. I was supposed to be frightened and screaming to be let go, but instead I had a huge smile on my

'We were waited on by two lovely men dressed only in white chef's aprons - great fantasy material'

face and couldn't stop laughing.

The security guards on the beach were getting worried by all the screaming and someone even swam out to the boat to see what was going on.

Charlie, who made a cameo appearance, was not the one and only token man, as we also had Kerry, our

blonde, bronzed Australian friend, who out-acted us all. It's so good to have a man or two in the film and I'm trying to persuade Charlie to cast a couple of Chippendales in the next production.

Talking of sexual fantasies (we weren't? Oh well) all of the girls had a treat on the day that we took the



Catamaran to Flat Island. It was a very hot day and the Catamaran day trip was called the 'nude cruise' which of course, it was.

After the thirty minute bumpy trip across, we landed on the idyllic island, deserted white sand and turquoise clear calm sea, typical Robinson Crusoe country.

Anyway the view was greatly improved by the fact that one of our sailing crew was absolutely gorgeous and this ensured natural smiles from all of the girls. It's desperate measures, though, when we all fancy the same bloke.

Our sailing crew also prepared a







WOMAN ALIVE!

**A PULL-OUT
SUPPLEMENT
PRESENTED
FREE WITH
H&E**

**THE LOVERS'
GUIDE TO
A WILD
WEEKEND**

**"I was totally
exposed on TV"**

**WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
HE REFUSES TO STRIP?**



Winter can be depressing, mainly because it seems to go on for so long.

Many naturists go to nudist saunas and swims, if only to keep in touch with friends made over the summer. But it can become arduous to drive long distances on a rainy night, just for a few minutes of conversation in the sauna or beside the pool. Sometimes the driving just adds to the stress of modern life.

It's tempting to spend a weekend in an expensive hotel, paying the earth for a luxury room with a jacuzzi and why not? Certainly filling the jacuzzi with bubble-bath, turning the bubbles on until one has a mountain of foam, then sitting in the warm white clouds drinking champagne has a certain cliché-ed appeal!

But why not look inwards instead of outwards? Pamper your senses and improve your love-life without depleting your wallet. It's possible to enjoy your time together and make any weekend a sensuous and memorable time. It's romantic too!

For those happy couples who believe imagination makes for a better time than money, here's a suggested weekend you'll always remember. It's designed to pamper all the senses - sight, sound, taste, smell and touch - in a way that will bring you closer than ever before

Friday evening

It takes a while to wind down from the week's work; so this evening needs to be spent with both partners being tender and considerate of the other's needs. Peace and quiet?

Lazy laughter and positive plans for the weekend? Make it equal, rather than one person doing things for the other.

Run the hot bath together. If it's not big enough for two, you are living in the wrong place! Make sure the bathroom is heated and all the towels are warmed. Jump in the tub, wrap your legs around the other's waist from behind and lazily soap and caress those parts immediately in front of you and those on the front of your partner. Take your time. If the water cools down, top it up again.

Expect nothing from each other - don't ask for favours. If your partner goes to sleep, then let them. This bath is to wash away the cares of the week.

Take the warmed towels and move in front of the fire. Sit wrapped up, drinking a glass of wine - let the heat of the fire warm you. Dry your hair. Having your hair done is one of the most

PRIVATE PLEASURES THAT LEAVE NOTHING TO BE DESIRED

A SENSUAL WINTER WEEKEND

For Couples only

relaxing experiences in the world. Don't neglect the hair. Sitting by the fire back against the sofa with a loving partner brushing or stroking your hair, is one of the most perfect human experiences. Two hands stroking your eyelids, eyes, cheeks and lips is an intimate experience of knowledge and self-knowledge.

In the warmth of the fire, the towels have long been discarded, allowed to slip off without fear of getting cold, or of revealing too much. Spread them out, lay down and massage each other with sweet-smelling oils.

You don't need special skills. This is not a therapeutic massage, as one

athlete would give to another, but a personal sensual massage, where every part of the body is oiled and caressed to a delightful sweetness. Make your partner believe that every part of them is loved and appreciated by you some more than others! Don't be afraid to touch and soothe, to stroke or tickle. Vary your strokes - ask which touches are the best.

Saturday morning

Sex could be better first thing in the morning - the hormones are running high and who would wish to waste them? You may even still be thinking and dreaming of your partners oiled hands on the most secret and intimate parts of your body; you may wake up already aroused.

It's fun to exchange fantasies. Have you ever wanted to be made love to by somebody famous? Pretend to be somebody well-known making love and have your partner guess who it is. It's

easy to guess Napoleon ('Not tonight Josephine', he said) but what about Madonna or Don Juan? A favourite record or video tape of the admired celebrity can make the experience memorable.

If you like love-making to be fun, enact a seduction in the style of a cartoon character. Mickey Mouse, Goofy or the Road Runner would make incredibly funny noises in the height of passion!

Afterwards, eat a huge breakfast with lots of fruit juice and eggs; you are going to need energy before the weekend is over.

Saturday afternoon

It's time for some fresh air and exercise to revitalise all those love-making batteries; have you ever tried a tent and blankets outdoors, in the depth of winter.

You need a two-man tent, a groundsheet and lots of blankets or, a couple of duvets and a fake-fur rug. Drive (or hike if you are truly concerned about getting exercise!) to the nearest moorland and set up the tent in a deserted spot. Pile up all the blankets inside, throw your clothes off and jump into them.

Playing "bundling" is good fun, but sophisticated techniques involving candlelight massage are right out! No, the trick is to get connected as quickly as you can, to wrap all the blankets around you, and to see how often you can make love without the blankets falling off - and without disconnecting.

Stick to each other like glue. Roll over together, as one person. Keep your faces and chests touching. This is closeness without escape. If you can fall asleep without uncoupling as well, you can call yourselves masters of this technique.

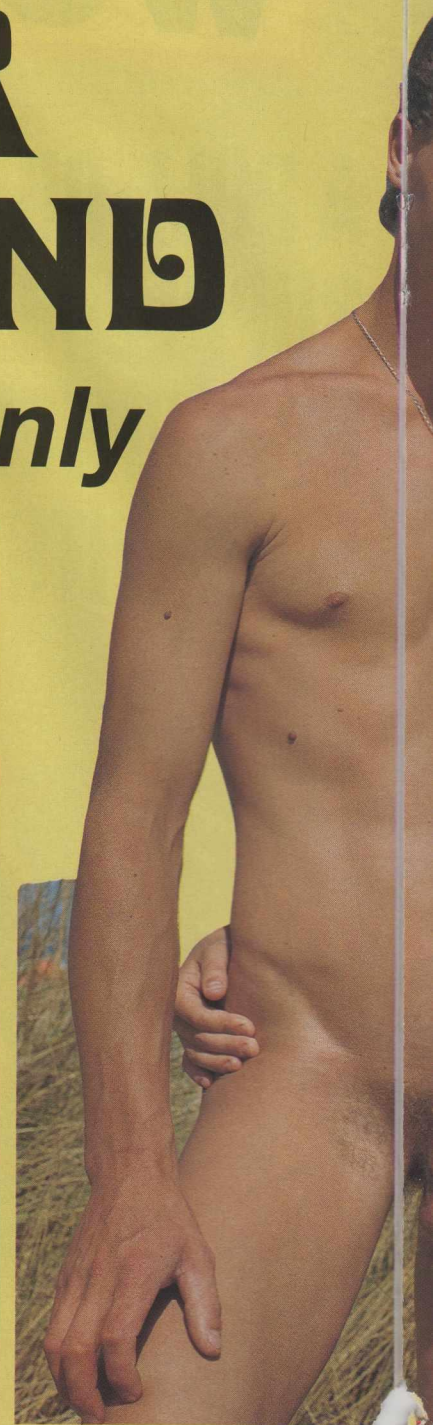
After a while, you will not believe you could get so hot in

the middle of winter on a windswept moor. As it starts to get dark, take a look outside the tent. If you are lucky it will be a crisp moonlit night, and you will feel tuned into nature in a unique and almost mystical way.

If it's raining, you may even want to cool down by running around naked in the rain, hand in hand.

Saturday evening

All the world is slightly less respectable than usual on a Saturday night. You can be sleazy or teasy and no-one will mind. It's not often one suggests naturists



When it's cold and miserable outside, it's time to take the phone off the hook, cuddle up and enjoy your partner. SUSAN MAYFIELD has the recipe for excitement.



being licked all over? It's a strangely wonderful sensation and gives you the urge to reciprocate immediately. For this is the morning of your life when you are going to explore your sense of taste to the limits of your imagination.

For decades now we've been sold soaps and perfumes, and have lost touch with the warm, earthy magical smell and taste of the dearest human being to us in the world. Licking and tasting may be animal and primitive, but it feels good to tune into nature and the way we were made.

While your mouth is still full of the taste of your partner, get up and prepare breakfast of fruit and juice, with some honey for sweetness. How do these things taste when spread on your partner instead of bread?

And - dare you indulge in everybody's fantasy with a banana? After all you've been very close all weekend and hiding away from the winter weather, nobody's ever going to know but the two of you. You'll have a twinkle in your eyes that only each other understands.

Sunday lunch-time

While the rest of the world is rushing into restaurants to indulge themselves in a heavy, soporific lunch, why don't you do something energetic? The quest is to find a special last surprise to reveal in the last hour of your weekend together and to say a very special 'thank you' to each other.

Sunday afternoon

Flushed by walking around in the open air an hour or two later, it's time to relax - and what better way than stripping off those heavy outdoor clothes? Sit by the fire in bath-robes or nothing at all and play some music.

Have you heard about Ravel's Bolero? It's reputed to be the longest climax in the world. The

music lasts just over 15 minutes, and it is magical to make love to, as there's a musical chord for every loving stroke you care to make for your partner. . . . and the chords come faster and faster.

But fifteen minutes isn't very long to make love, is it? Far better to move together in perfect harmony in time to the music; but not reach a climax yourselves! Getting up to move the needle back to the beginning again may temporarily cool your ardour but

how many times could you repeat the record before a final explosion?

It's fun trying and you can give yourself a pat on the back, if you have the power to make it more than two.

A LOVERS' GUIDE TO NAKED FULFILMENT

Sunday evening

By now, you should be feeling so laid back, relaxed and in tune with yourself you've discovered the secret of being happy! With no more strength left for making love, it's a time for sleepy glances, for looking into each other's eyes and remembering what different people you were before this very special winter weekend. It's time to enjoy a bottle of wine, secure in the knowledge it won't spoil the sensations of your body, or your love-making.

It's time to unveil the surprise you planned for each other earlier in the day. It could be a sprig of heather from the moor where you made love; it could be a saucy magazine from the newsagents; if you live in a city, it could be a brochure about Amsterdam from the travel agents or even tickets to Paris.

Men may like to buy more silky undies with an invitation to another sensuous weekend together; women might like to choose another piece of music to make love to. Whatever it is, present it with love and kisses and thanks for a wonderful weekend.

put clothes on, but parading around a curtained living-room, wearing and posing in the latest slinky and silky underwear is a delight for both sexes.

The temptation to take off the clothes provocatively displayed, or to do a strippogram for each other, will be immense. Taking Polaroid photos at the same time can be fun, carefully showing just a little more with each shot. Feeling silky clothes slithering all over you is very sexy! It's even possible to buy crotchless knickers, or ones with ties on the side, so that removing them does not interfere with the natural

urges that are overwhelming you for the third time today!

Then pick out the best clothes for a sleazy night-club look, wrap a heavy coat around yourself, and go off out for a good meal with plenty to drink. It may sound paradoxical to some to make love first and go out afterwards but your love-making is more fulfilling and you also enjoy the liquid refreshment afterwards.

Have a quick bath before retiring - but use no oils, perfumes or powders.

Sunday morning

Have you ever been woken up by

THE MEN WHO REFUSE TO STRIP

'Have you ever walked along the top of Beachy Head?' asked my friend Andy. 'It's beautiful, all tall, wide and handsome on a hot day, but really, quite a public path. Ahead of me I saw a couple on the grass and I thought, they're not are they? They can't be! But I got a bit closer and I saw that they were.'

I thought I'd better clarify this. 'Actually making love?' 'Oh yes, in full view of the path! So I got a bit closer and made some sketches of them. When they finished, I gave them the sketches and then continued on my way.'

'Such passion!' I murmured. 'Isn't life a wonderful thing, when, physical desire overwhelms you, when you're in love, when you feel you have to make love that instant, or die with longing? Oh, such is the stuff that poems are made of.'

I asked whether they they were naked? 'Oh no,' replied Andy. 'They were just about as dressed as you could be but still doing it.'

That made me think. As I spend so much of my leisure life with no clothes on, to be walking out in the country and have the mad desire to make love there and then would mean I wore very little to start with. But if sudden passion can overtake the dressed among us, what about the immediacy of falling in love when you've both got no clothes on?

Do naturists get these instantaneous urges and if they do, is this a good or a bad thing? Does one's naked state make one, shall we say, more vulnerable to Cupid's dart?

It happened to me once, although it was with a boyfriend I'd known for some time. We were sitting on either side of a wooden table having lunch, on a camp site in France. The wine was flowing and the talk turned to sexy things.

He asked me to be quiet; if he stood up, the entire camp-site would witness the results of my teasing! Waiting till our fellow campers had their heads bent over the pouring wine, he rushed into our caravan, rushed out with a towel around his lower half, grabbed my hand and said 'Come on - we've got to take a shower!'

We ran to the sanitary block. It was not sophisticated camping, and only three showers were hot but the middle one, thank

goodness was empty. We turned on the water to hide our groans of pleasure, and with me standing on the edge of the tiled shower surround, found we could do it standing up. We locked together immediately and at the point of passion he clasped his hands under my bum and lifted me into the air, clinging to his neck.

Afterwards we sat exhausted on the floor of the shower,

It's not that orgies take place or feelings run amok; just that the relaxing and sensuous effect of the open-air makes people feel more in tune with themselves, and therefore more open to affection, sex and love.

A young wife called Jane told me she did not notice this effect until she and her husband had been into naturist life for two years. He was making love to her one evening after a visit to their local club when he sighed and said; 'Ah - the naturist life. There's nothing like it for turning you on!' When she thought back she realised that a day of sunning, oiling, swimming and showering did make her feel like making love in the evenings.

Could you fall in love with a stranger on a naturist holiday? If you've got an open attitude to life, you never know what the future holds. Samantha told me about her experience during a holiday at Cap d'Agde. 'I was with a group of friends sharing a villa,' she said 'And we met a whole group of guys on the beach. We all arranged that we would have one of these open-air luncheons that you can get at Cap d'Agde, with all the chairs down either side of a long table.'

'I had a guy sitting opposite me that I'd quite liked the day before but not thought of as anything special. I stood up to reach across the table for some salad and I noticed his eyes widening as he looked at me. I've got quite a big bust and as nobody wore any clothes, of course I swung forward towards him a bit as I leaned forward. Then he started playing footsie with my bare foot under the table. I don't know how he knew it was mine, but he seemed to!'

'Things continued quite naturally after that - he had such a look in his eyes I couldn't resist! - and as we continued with the different courses we continued the footsie game. It was quite bizarre, watching him as he watched me, with both our feet creeping up each other's legs and nobody else knowing what was happening. Then my foot reached his crotch and of course, he had an erection.'

I don't know whether this was an effect of the sun, the heat or the wine, but the sudden sexy feeling I got was electric. I could hardly stand up. But I did and he followed me and we went to the apartment and did it, just like that,

HE'S NO MATCH FOR ME!

If you want to ask Susan Mayfield for a date, be prepared to reveal all

relaxing in the warm water but wondering guiltily if anyone had noticed us going in and the time we had been - it had seemed like an eternity but was probably only five minutes.

'Let's return to the caravan separately!' he whispered. 'We don't want it to be too obvious!'

Since then many people have admitted to me that the naturist life-style makes them feel more sexy, and a naturist camp-site owner told me the most popular event he ever organised was long walks through the woods for the children in the afternoons. 'Living altogether in a caravan, the parents get no privacy,' he explained. 'So it's a good thing to remove the children so the parents can have an afternoon siesta - in peace.'



'Ah - the naturist life. There's nothing like it for turning you on!'

without a word being spoken. It was like something out of a novel, some of the best sex I've ever had.

'I never saw him again after that day, but I wasn't sorry!'

Phew! It does seem as though naturists fall in love and get dramatically sexy just like anyone else. Research shows that ordinary people wearing bathing costumes on a beach, get more sexy too - it's a known effect of the sunlight.

My friend Sarah stayed in a naturist villa in Spain for a holiday - and one of the people there had an amateur movie camera. He wanted to make a massage scene and everyone agreed to do it just for a laugh.

'We were all hamming it up like mad. Then the man with the camera spread himself face down in front of me, so I went through my little routine all over again.'

When I finished, he jumped up and announced that it was my turn to lay on the sun-bed - face-up.



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'He spent so long on my breasts there was absolutely no danger of them getting burnt at all. I opened my legs a little and soon he was rubbing oil in my thighs, very high up.

When filming was over we laughed and pretended it was all just a joke and nothing sexy had gone on at all ... but the camera man followed me indoors. We made love in the bath and on the bathroom floor, and when we came home from the holiday we lived together for about a year and had a wonderful time.'

Love, sex and naturism - it's wonderful really. Naturists will say they don't do it for sensual or sexual reasons, but the next time you're on holiday watch out for people disappearing mysteriously in the middle of the day. They've gone to remove those undesirable urges that beset us all when the sun shines, and when we feel loving and free - and when the opposite sex is there eyeing us up across a sparkling glass of wine.

Twenty five year old Nigel is a lucky man. He's got a good job, a nice house and an absolutely gorgeous wife who's blonde, bubbly and full of fun—and a dedicated nudist. What could possibly be the problem? I'll let Nigel continue:

My wife Melanie was always on at me to whip my trunks off whenever we went to the beach, and the more she pestered me, the more I refused. I just didn't feel comfortable.

I felt awkward, even a little isolated amid so many naked people although they were perfectly friendly and easy-going. I also felt that I was letting Melanie down in a way, although when it became obvious that my great unveiling would not be occurring on that particular day, she simply sighed and rolled over with an air of... 'oh well, it's your loss'.

Sometimes my attitude really seemed to disappoint her and I wondered whether it would ever break us up. After all there was no shortage of single men around who, I'm sure, would have jumped at the chance to get to know her a little better!

I tried to explain to her that my refusal to go nude had nothing to do with shyness, or the fact that I was worried that my 'equipment' wouldn't measure up (do people *really* worry about such things?) more that the desire simply wasn't within me.

It's all very well discovering, or being persuaded into something (like naturism) that you may end up enjoying later—you enjoy it simply because it's an enjoyable pastime but you can also take it or leave it. I've talked to many people who are happy to strip off on the beach but think no more about it until the next time.

Melanie, whose love of nakedness definitely comes from within, found this impossible to understand—and I think that's true for anyone closely involved in something. They simply cannot accept that others may think differently. As far as they are concerned, they've seen the light and anyone who hasn't must be blind.

After a while we reached an uneasy compromise—more to stop us throttling each other than anything else—we'd make alternate visits to nude and 'ordinary' beaches. I'd be naked on one and she'd wear a bikini when we were on the other.

It helped her to understand my feelings as she found swimming and sunbathing in

even the tiniest tanga thoroughly offensive! I'll never change and nor will she but at least this way we can continue to enjoy daytrips to the seaside in each other's company. Separate holidays just wouldn't feel right and we love each other too much to let this thing come between us.

My second subject, Stewart, a taxi driver in his late fifties would never consider taking his clothes off in public despite the fact that his local beach,

MEN'S TALK

Naturist men are always complaining that they can't persuade their wives or girlfriends to share their interest. Sometimes though it's the men who won't go nude, as Sean Conroy discovers.

Studland, is packed with naturists every time the sun shines! I asked him—had he never been tempted to join in?

Never! We only go there because it's literally a stone's throw from our house and my wife, who's disabled, can't manage the long walk down to the main section of the beach. Why should I have to drive us somewhere else just to avoid them? We *live* here after all, they're only tourists.

So you use the naturist section of the beach but you don't agree with people sunbathing with nothing on?

Like I said, it's *our* beach as much as theirs. All this lying around with nothing on, though....well it's just an excuse for sex isn't it! Young girls with no shame, men flaunting themselves and the old ones running around like kids. It's disgusting.

Have you ever actually seen any sexual activity?

Well, no, but everybody says it goes on. There's always something in the papers about it so there must be some truth

in it.

Aren't they just enjoying themselves like anybody else?

You don't have to be naked to enjoy yourself do you? I know this sort of thing happens abroad—well, it's warmer isn't it—but over here? It's ridiculous and the sooner it's banned the better.

Nineteen year old Simon rejected nudity in his teens having previously enjoyed a naturist lifestyle with his parents. He thinks it very unlikely he'll ever return to it. I asked him what changed his outlook.....

I can pinpoint the time exactly. I was nearly fourteen and we—my parents and my little sister—were spending the weekend at the club as usual. I was kicking a ball about with a few of the other kids, as I'd done just about every weekend for what seemed like ages, when I suddenly felt like I was the oldest one there. Everyone else seemed happy just playing kids' games or lying around in the sun. It all seemed so 'safe' and so boring.

I felt angry with myself for having wasted so much time there and angry with my parents for taking me to this place. I suppose I had reached the age where you begin to question everything and as I looked around me I saw everything in a different light. I realised I didn't care about not wearing clothes—everybody else made such a big deal of it—or messing around in this stupid, fenced-in environment. I wanted out.

I never went to the club again. I would go off with my other friends for the weekend instead. Some of them knew about my parents being naturists and I took a lot of stick about it!

I felt ashamed that I had ever taken part and embarrassed to even have the same surname as them. Home life became hell and I moved out as soon as I'd left school at sixteen and started work.

Looking back, I suppose that they naturally assumed that I would enjoy *their* interest and for years it never really occurred to me that I was doing anything out of the ordinary. We just considered ourselves to be more enlightened than other people.

Strangely enough, my current girlfriend has expressed an interest in going to a nude beach after going topless for the first time on a recent holiday in Greece. There's no way that I'm getting involved with any more of that though—and she knows it!

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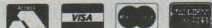
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HOW IT FELT WHEN MILLIONS STARED AT MY NAKED BODY

The voice on the telephone said; 'We're doing something on our programme about naturism. Will you appear naked on the show?'

It wasn't the sort of question one says 'yes' to right away. However, everything seemed OK so I agreed. Being a naturist means that I have no hang-ups about my body. Then the researcher explained that everything would be tactfully done and I could wrap a towel around myself. 'Why!' I demanded.

'Because some people in the studio audience that are against naturism will be offended otherwise.'

They wanted me naked, but not naked.

The next call was from the *Manchester Evening News*. 'How do you feel about millions of TV viewers looking at your bare boobs?' a reporter asked.

'For a start,' I replied, 'There won't be millions of people watching as it is only a provincial TV station and secondly, my boobs are so small no-one will even notice them!'

Everyone seemed to think I was incredibly brave,

appearing before millions of people with nothing on, but checks had been done with broadcasting authorities, who had firmly stated 'no pubes or dicks.' In other words, we had to appear naked but not 'show anything.' I thought this a cop-out. I was hustled up into the hot seat, behind the camera's backs, wrapped in a large fluffy towel, but would have rather walked in without a stitch on.

The first question I was asked by a blonde and dainty presenter called Lucy, was how I felt with millions of people 'looking at me.' Honestly, this question seems to fascinate everybody! Then she went on about people 'looking at each other' in naturist places. I said I'd be more worried if people looked away at the sight of my naked form, and said I resented the archaic laws on TV presentations which meant I was naked, but had to wrap a towel around me.

Then a man in the audience shouted 'What could be nicer than this lady showing a lovely pair of jugs?' Everyone roared with laughter and the ice was broken. But wait, the opposition was now speaking

"I WISHED I'D BEEN

FILMED RECLINING ON

A BEACH, APPLYING

THE OIL TO GET

MY 'JUGS' BROWN"



Would you be prepared to argue for naturism on TV - naked? Susan Mayfield bravely agreed - but it's something she doesn't really want to talk about.

up. I was told that naturism was 'totally wrong' and a sin in the eyes of God. However, I'd checked the story in Genesis before I came out, and it seemed that man himself had dressed himself in fig leaves, after realising his nakedness after he disobeyed God's wishes.

Everyone clapped and cheered!

Someone said that God invented the body but man invited clothes and Kelly said; 'After all, you're not born wearing an anorak!'

Suddenly it was over. The audience wanted information on naturism and the presenter shook my hand and told me she'd love to be a naturist but her figure wasn't good enough, I was just about to say 'You ought to see mine!' When I realised she already had.

It was dreadful! The lighting was shadowed on people's faces and the boom microphone was waving in and out of the picture. Suddenly, I saw a towel-wrapped bag of potatoes sitting in the hot seat.

It was me. How I wished I'd been filmed playing with a beach ball or reclining on a beach, applying the oil to get my 'jugs' brown. I decided the best thing to do was forget the whole episode - I'd done a bit for naturism and it wasn't my fault the TV station had made such a mess of it.

But no. My local paper got wind of it and were fascinated by 'How I felt when millions of people looked at my naked body.' Then the editor of H&E heard about it. 'Do write something,' she said. 'How did it feel to have millions of people looking at you naked body?'

Well, all you out there, I felt nothing at all! I felt no different than I felt at any other time. I just felt like me - a little nervous, scared I would stumble over my words instead of speaking clearly, a little thrilled to be taking part in a show but as regards being naked? I just felt nothing. It was no big deal.

I wish people would stop asking!



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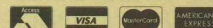
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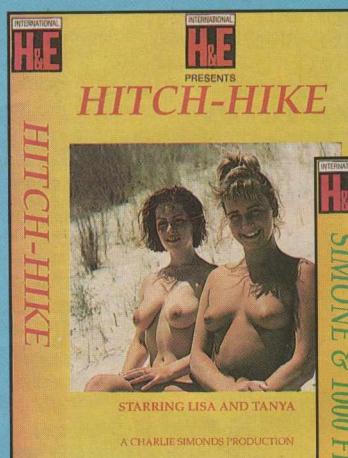
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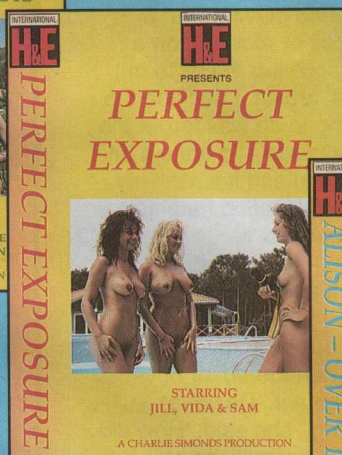
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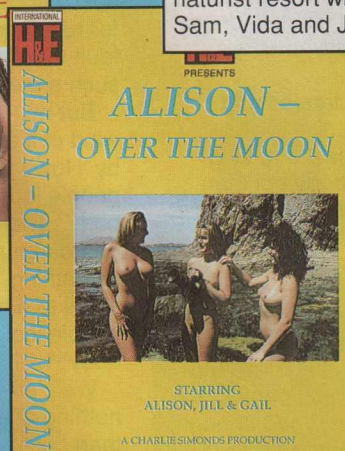
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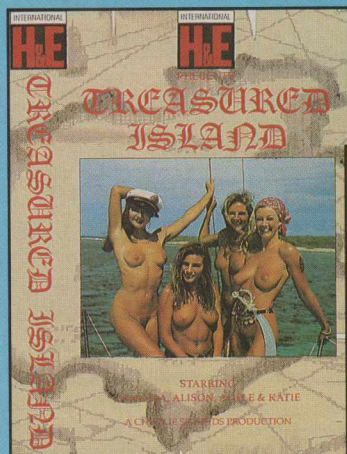
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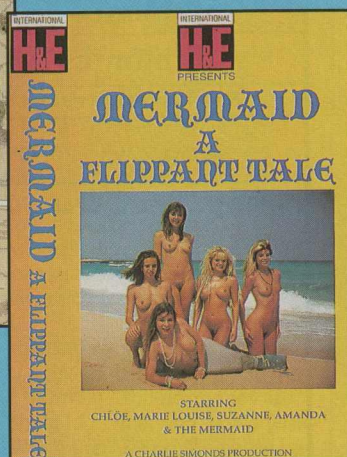
ALISON OVER THE MOON

A naked adventure in Lanzarote with Alison, Gail and Jill. Selling time share is hell, but it's soon obvious there's more to life



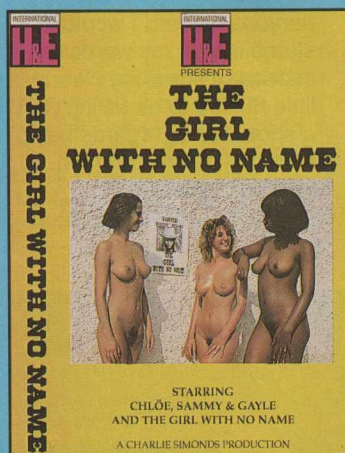
TREASURED ISLAND

What's the secret of St. Martin that only Captain Cutlass At Club Orient naturist resort, Adele, Amanda and Alison meet Katie for a naked treasure hunt in the Caribbean



MERMAID

The mystery starts in the jacuzzi of England's Silverleigh and winds its way to scenic Fuerteventura as Amanda, Suzanne, Marie-Louise and Chloë meet up with a slippery character

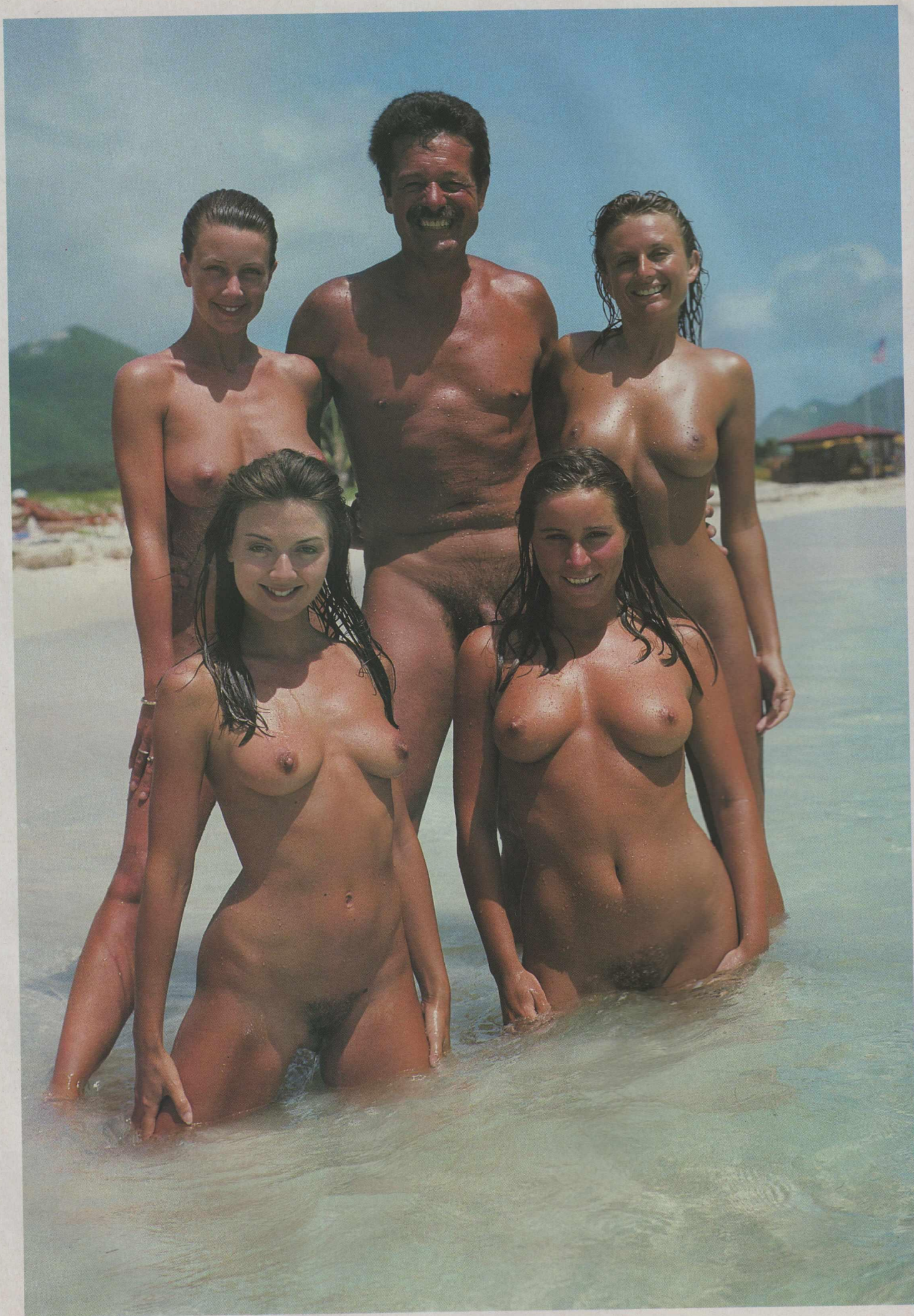


THE GIRL WITH NO NAME

Vera Playa nude resort in Spain provides the luxurious back drop for Chloë, Gayle and Sammy to live, work and relax in their own crazy naturist ways

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magnificent lunch for us, which was very dream-like being waited on by two lovely men dressed only in white chef's aprons (great fantasy material).

It was a great day. We spent much of the time in the water and Katie was introduced to snorkelling (and nearly drowned herself). I found many different multi-coloured fish around the rocks and also managed to burn my bottom as this seems to be the only bit sticking out of the water whilst snorkelling.

During the course of our stay we all overdid the sun at some point; Adele even blistered. We always seem to overdo it; no matter how much information we get on factors and blocks we're still paranoid that it might rain the next day.

The film was coming together and we all improved with practice. Katie had a lot of important pieces to say and one day we ended up opening a bottle of the local vino to relax her nerves. Charlie wasn't too happy about us drinking too much during the day until we managed to persuade him that it was for purely technical reasons.

The only other problem we had, was anxious naturists who were worried about being included 'in shot'. Charlie certainly never filmed anyone who did not want to be filmed, however the sight of him carrying his camera onto the beach sent some sunbathers into a bit of a frenzy. It was a problem of which I could see both sides. After all it's nice to be able to relax and not worry about whether someone is going



Charlie wasn't too happy about us drinking - until we persuaded him it was purely for technical reasons'

to sneakily film you. There again if you're a naturist you should be proud of it; after all we've got nothing to hide.

As our stay went on, people got to know and trust us. Most people were interested and were very helpful.

One day a sailing regatta took place and this brought many textiles to the resort. That evening they took over 'our' bar and we felt obliged to dress as we were outnumbered. It was very hot as the reggae band ensured that everyone kept dancing and we started to get frustrated to be cooped up in our clothing. Charlie decided that we should stage a protest dance, nude of course, and so we took the plunge and stripped off. It actually felt really strange and daring. As we approached the dance floor there was a whoop of approval from a fellow naturist who joined us and took off her dress there and then. There were more than a few raised eyebrows and sniggered comments from the textiles!

The trip was coming to an end and I was dreading going home. I loved it in the Caribbean, not just for the weather or the beautiful paradise surroundings. There's an atmosphere that you fall in love with. It's the simple beach lifestyle, the sensuous morning swim, the tame birds and lizards, the warm night time rain that you can stand out in, the palm trees, and of course the magic of naturism 24 hours a day.

The holiday was arranged by Peng Travel.



Naked in the Caribbean – what more can any girl want?

Shetland hasn't changed for 2000 years. In Shetland the sea is all-pervading. At every turn of the road, east coast or west you are faced with water; nowhere in Shetland can you be more than three miles from the sea. It's the sea that makes the island scene - the great cliffs of Eshaness, the quiet 'voes' or fiords; the sandy beaches; the busy waterfronts - the sea in the winter gales - the sea in the long silent summer nights...

When we told our friends that we were thinking of going north to Shetland in search of the sun, they thought we were mad. What about the Med? Like many people, they were understandably vague about Shetland. Where are the islands, precisely? Maps don't help much; sometimes Shetland is to be found as a small inset some here in the Moray Firth; and the weathermen's diagrams on the telly usually show the islands foreshortened and much too close to the Scottish mainland.

In fact Shetland lies a hundred miles north of John O'Groats, on the same latitude as the southern tip of the Greenland icecap and further north than most of Hudson Bay in Canada. The nearest big town is Bergen in Norway - a good deal nearer than Aberdeen in Scotland!



ICE-BATHING IN SHETLAND

Another surprising fact about Shetland is - its size! It's much bigger than most of the island groups around Britain such as the Isle of Man or the Channel Islands. From Sumburgh Head in the south to Hermaness at the far end of the island of Unst is over 70 miles. There are fifteen inhabited islands and innumerable desolate islets and 'skerries'.

By far the largest island is 'Mainland' where most of the people live - including the two towns of Lerwick (the capital) and Scalloway. The Scottish mainland is not their mainland and they talk rather vaguely of travelling "down south."

Further, they are not Scots and tend to resent any suggestion to the contrary: they are descendants of Vikings - and proud of it. The total indigenous population of Shetland is only about 17,000 - and about a quarter of these reside in Lerwick.

North-east of "Mainland" lies the second largest island, Yell, a bleak peaty island of barren moors where about 1,000 people live. Further north still is Unst, highest and grandest of the islands and third in size: again some 1,000 folk live there.

The figures, of course, take no account of

the incomers brought to Shetland by the vast oil terminal recently constructed at Sullom Voe. This is enormous industrial development, though foreign to the Sheltie way of life, has had surprisingly little impact on the character of the islands; it only occupies a minute corner of "Mainland" and the scenic glories of the islands remain unaffected by it. There's no need to be deterred from visiting Shetland by the vision of unsightly oil-rigs!

Which leads naturally to the climate of Shetland, which is milder than you might expect: the rainfall is about the British average and snow in winter is rare. But - be prepared for sudden changes in weather conditions! Heat-waves, too, are rare: but the sun shines quite steadily throughout the summer and what it lacks in warmth it makes up in duration, June and July are periods for what the Shetlander charmingly calls the "Simmer Dim", when the sun sets at eleven; the nights are never really dark and you can be reading a book at midnight without a light. Truly, it's a magical experience...

How do Shetlanders live? Mostly by fishing

and crofting; and the women produce some of the most marvellous knitwear known anywhere. And the Shetland Football Association takes part in what must surely be the strangest international football competition in the world: when teams from Orkney, Shetland and the Faeroe Islands (which lie still further north) compete for the North Atlantic Cup. These, plainly, are matches for which you must travel a very long way to watch!

There are two ways of getting to Shetland - by sea or by air. A plane will land you at Sumburgh Airport, from which a car will take you to the capital. It's a short trip, but too easily disrupted by fog. The traditional route is by sea from Aberdeen; the crossing, by that excellent ship "St. Clair," takes about twelve hours at night and gets you to Lerwick early in the morning.

We chose the sea route, partly because we were in no particular hurry, and partly because we wanted to take Jamie, our Shetland sheep-dog, with us, with the idea of introducing him to the land of his fathers, but - we couldn't have been more wrong! Shelties are now practically unknown in the islands: at a school in Unst the children had never seen

You can freeze, burn and experience beauty in the raw when exploring the Shetland Islands. Norman Tillett did all this at once - and more!

'It was piercingly icy - like having a knife driven into bare flesh'

one, and wanted to know what it was!

The idea in our minds was to spend a week on 'Mainland' and a week on Unst in search of the northern sun - and this worked out very well. Cars are easily hired at Lerwick and getting around presents no problems,

Lerwick, you'll find, is a most attractive old place. Many medieval houses still huddle around the harbour, and some of them have "lodberries" - loading piers built out over the water - so that ships could sail up to the "lodberries" and unload straight into the merchants' premises.

Nevertheless this is high summer, and your job, if possible, is to obtain an all-over tan.

Eagerly, we searched the official guide-book. "Bathing beaches," it says, "are numerous in Shetland. There are many stretches of fine silver sand round the coast and most of them offer safe bathing'.

We tried Sandness first - a stretch of sandy beach at the far western point of "mainland" - opposite the quaintly-named island of Papa Stour.

As we were sunning ourselves close to an unusually calm sea, a young woman dressed in a skimpy swim-suit appeared from nowhere. She waded into the waves. "What's it like?" we called out. "Lovely!" she replied, and, dripping, wet, disappeared as mysteriously as she'd come.

Hand in hand Liz and I waded in. But we didn't get very far. We were hardly up to our waists when the full Arctic force of the chill hit us. It wasn't just icy - it was piercingly icy - like having a knife driven into bare flesh. Shelties must a hardy lot, we decided.

It was time to move on. To take us on our way to the outer islands of Yell and Unst, is the "Earl of Zetland" - a gallant ship that sails daily between Lerwick and the outer isles carrying passengers, cargo and occasionally - live animals. In either event you'll end up in Baltasound, "capital" of Unst, actually a village of widely scattered cottages.

At one time Baltasound was the headquarters of the herring fleet; but this has long since departed southwards and the only form of industrial activity in the village is now the knitting mill, where you can watch the "experts" at work. The quality of the wool used is particularly fine and the knitter can be seen at work creating the traditional patterns in scarves, hats, gloves and jerseys.

There's also a pub in Baltasound which has notices in it in two languages - English and Norwegian ...

Of course you're still looking for a naturist beach and here at Baltasound it's no problem. A mile or so from the village, opposite Balta Island, you'll find several little sandy coves where you can happily strip off and swim.

It's a good idea at Baltasound to have your hiking gear handy, for you should be getting quite a bit of rough walking. It's an easy walk for instance to trudge up the hill behind the village - where you'll meet a herd of Shetland ponies - in order to watch the sunset from a

continued on page 72.



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QUIZ

ARE YOU SLEEPING WITH A STRANGER?

Answer these questions in the box headed 'Yours'. Then ask your partner to cover up your answers and complete the box headed 'Theirs'. Then compare your answers. You might be surprised!

First, some questions for you to answer all about yourself:

1. If my partner asks me a question about our personal life, I always:

- a. answer completely honestly.
- b. answer honestly, but keep a few things to myself
- c. say the first thing that comes into my head to get me out of trouble

2. I don't like:

- a. Indian food
- b. Chinese food
- c. Fried food
- d. Salads
- e. Squid

3. To be quite honest, it would be quite a turn on if my partner

- a. Talked really dirty to me
- b. Made love to me under the shower
- c. Put on a hard core porn video for us to watch
- d. Did a slow strip for me

"Go to a hen night? God, my girlfriend wouldn't be into that sort of thing."

"Enjoy a kinky video? My husband? You must be joking"

We've all heard this kind of thing uttered - indeed we've probably come out with a few choice ones like them ourselves. It's not just sex that we make these assumptions about either.

"Holidays? Oh, I expect we'll just go to Aunt Susan's again. It suits us both fine."

"Oh, I never cook lasagne. Jim doesn't like foreign food."

We may be right about our partners, of course. But, chances are, half our assumptions are out of touch and out of date. Check yourself out by answering the quiz below - it's relevant for just one person, but it'll tell you a whole lot more if you and someone close to you does it too. By the way, in this quiz, we often use the term 'partner'. This is intended to refer either to your wife, your husband, your lover, your flatmate - anyone. Of course, you've got to be completely honest.

4. When we make love, and my partner does something that really excites me, I:

- a. tell them immediately, so they won't ever forget to do it again.
- b. groan and moan and hope they get the picture
- c. tell them next time we're having a cosy evening together.
- d. say nothing
- e. my partner never does anything to excite me

5. If my partner wanted to please me, they should

- a. take more care with their appearance
- b. take more care of me in bed
- c. buy me presents
- d. do the washing up
- e. tell me they love me

And now, a few questions about how well you know your partner:

6. My partner doesn't like:

- a. Indian food
- b. Chinese food
- c. Fried Food

- d. Salads
- e. Squid

7. Out of the following, my partner's ideal holiday would be:

- a. to sit in the sun on a beach
- b. to stay at home and just do nothing
- c. to take a cruise
- d. to go camping in the wilds
- e. to go on a sightseeing tour
- f. to enjoy a really wild night life

8. If I wanted to really please my partner, I would:

- a. cook them a good meal
- b. put on clothes I know I look especially good in
- c. buy them an expensive present
- d. take them out to the theatre
- e. make them a cup of tea
- f. leave home
- g. seduce them

9. When my partner answers this quiz, I am sure they will answer it:

- a. completely honestly
- b. in the way that they think puts them in the best light
- c. they will refuse to answer it at all

Now complete these sentences

10. I wish my partner wouldn't...

11. If there's one thing that I do that annoys my partner, it is...

12. The last time my partner and I had an argument, it was all about...



YOURS

- 1 ☐
- 2 ☐
- 3 ☐
- 4 ☐
- 5 ☐
- 6 ☐
- 7 ☐
- 8 ☐
- 9 ☐
- 10
- 11
- 12

SCORING

Now's the time for the terrible truth! More revealing than the actual right and wrong score will be for you both to sit down together and compare your answers.

Qu 1. Most of us probably plump for the second answer. If you answered (a), you're a brave person. If, for instance, your partner wore a colour that made their skin look like a revitalised zombie, should you tell them when they ask if they look wonderful? If you answered (c), what have you been up to?

Qu 2. Just check this out against your mate's answers to Qu 6. You may be surprised to find that what was true when you first met them is now madly out of date.

Qu 3. You may have already told your partner your secret sexual fantasies. If you haven't - now's the moment!

Qu 4. It's great to be able to tell your partner right away, but sometimes the danger is that your love making

might begin to sound more like a research experiment - "if I do that, darling, is it better or worse than doing this?" ...

Qu 5. Well, are you doing the right things to please your partner? (see your answer to Qu 8)

Qu 6. Check your answer to Qu. 2.

Qu 7. Start saving!

Qu 8. Check your answers to Qu 5

Qu 9. Maybe your partner does know you better than you do yourself?

Qu 10. Well, perhaps they won't now they've read your answer - but did it agree with their answer to Qu 11?

Qu 11. Check your answers to Qu 10

Qu 12. Did you put the same answer as your partner, or did you believe it was about something completely different? Surprisingly, we often latch onto totally different 'important' points when we argue - or even discuss - things with people who are close to us.

THEIRS

- 1 ☐
- 2 ☐
- 3 ☐
- 4 ☐
- 5 ☐
- 6 ☐
- 7 ☐
- 8 ☐
- 9 ☐
- 10
- 11
- 12

HOLIDAYS AFLOAT

What is your ideal naturist boating holiday? Is it battling with the elements, learning to trim the mainsail and wrestling with the mysteries of charts and navigational aids? Or is it lazing on deck, sipping an ice-cold glass of wine and soaking up the sun, whilst someone else does all the hard work?

If you fancy either of these (or both) then you are in luck. A new venture by Navserve of Northamptonshire aims to provide naturist boating holidays in Britain where you can do as much or as little as you wish. They will teach you about the sea or they will do it all for you while you relax and idly watch the world go by.

With this knowledge to comfort us, our intrepid little group (Val, Den, Sue, Babs and Alf) decided to take a short trip to try it out on your behalf, especially the wine-sipping and relaxing. None of us knew the blunt end of the boat from the sharp bit but we all knew a fair bit about soaking up sun, so we decided we were ideally qualified for the job.

Normally Mike, a keen naturist himself, would have a female crew member (also naturist) with him to help with all the odd jobs on board, such as mooring, cooking, steering whilst he charts the course, etc. As this was just a short overnight trip,



Silence is (a) golden (tan).

'You spend many sensuous naked hours with your partner, but you end up so damn tired you can't keep your eyes open for a second (let alone a first)'

The Sun-Chasers



he decided to dispense with the hired help and accept our offer of untrained but willing help. We were pleased he did as it gave us a chance to try our hands at things we might not normally have done.

After settling down on board, Mike ran through the safety procedures with us. He gave each of us a life jacket, showed us how to use them and told us to keep them either with us or put them

where we could find them in an emergency. He showed us how to use the radio transmitter for a Mayday call and how to find out from the charts and compass where we were at any given time. This was not done just to frighten us but is a necessary precaution to take whenever you are going to sea; I was impressed by his professionalism and concern for our safety.

We started out from the Marina at Harwich with the sun shining and found the water as still as a millpond. Within about half-hour we were far enough from prying eyes to be able to strip off and be comfortable. Once out at sea (about four to five miles off-shore) we motored along the coast towards Lowestoft but unfortunately a rather heavy sea mist descended and with it disappeared the sun. We decided



Red or white's alright until the port is in sight!

to head back closer to the shore on the assumption that the weather could be better inland and lo! we were proved correct. That's the beauty about this sort of boating holiday - you can change your mind about where to go and what to do whenever you want. You just follow the sun, your nose or just the latest whim of the party.

We spent the next few hours coast-hopping. It was very peaceful watching the world go by at such a leisurely pace. Those of us who were interested received a bit more instruction on charts and buoys, and soon we headed down the

Alf Gatward and friends

enjoyed a brilliant

coast-hop around

Britain's shores



River Orwell to find our night-time mooring.

Passing between Harwich on one side of the river mouth and Felixstowe on the other, we started meeting a few larger ferries and container ships. You don't appreciate quite how big they are until they loom up closer and closer in the narrower parts of the channel.

Once we had passed the docks, however, the river became fairly quiet again and after a short time we moored-up for the night on a convenient buoy at Penmill.

We thought that getting the boat tied up to the buoy would be somewhat of a performance to say the least - it seemed such a small target to aim for. But with the aid of a boat-hook, lots of laughter from the ladies and some instructions from Mike it all went very smoothly - three cheers and an extra ration of grog for the crew! It did not take too long to make everything fast on deck and were soon ready for our well-earned evening meal.

The ladies of the party gathered in



Looking bouyant for the boys.

the galley to make dinner while us lads once more set about learning the arts of seamanship from our willing teacher. Sexist I know, but I'm old-fashioned that way! Mind you, the ladies really did us proud and I don't think I have enjoyed a meal more.

We spent the evening just chatting and it was amazing how quickly the time flew by. The last thing we did before turning in for the night was to have the traditional stroll round the deck. It was a glorious evening, warm and still and very romantic.

Nature is very unkind when it

comes to these boating holidays. You spend many sensuous naked hours with your partner, you find your cabin bed small enough to make sure you are very close together and then what happens? You discover that a day on the water has made you so damn tired that you can't keep your eyes open for a second (let alone a first). But when you get home, you feel so fresh and alert that you can have great fun catching up for lost time.

The next morning there was a light mist across the water, which the sun was busy burning-off. The





The calm before the storm?



Single-handed sailor.



I'm not really seasick!

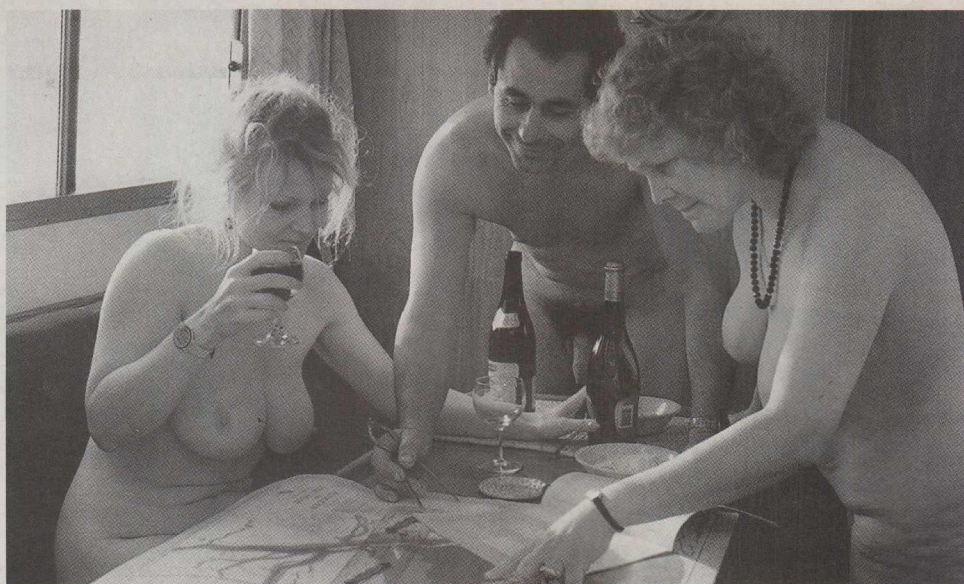
only sounds to be heard were the cries of the sea-birds on the nearby marshes. We all sat on deck with our morning cuppa and biscuits and marvelled at the beauty of nature. It was the sort of morning that you treasure for a long time.

It was almost a shame when the sun broke through but we managed to control our sadness by a leisurely hour or two topping-up our tans. We never got a second glance from other boats as they went by. We even had a patrolling police-boat pass fairly close while we were taking photographs, but they didn't seem to bat an eyelid.

We headed up-river to the Orwell Bridge (where the A12 crosses the river) and after passing beneath that enormous structure we turned round and started on the homeward run back to the Marina. Mike did all the necessary steering and we were left to relax and enjoy the scenery. But as we neared Walton-on-the-Naze, Mike asked for a volunteer to

jump from the boat to the fast-approaching dock with a rope to make fast. (I'm sure all the others took a step back to make it look as if I wanted to do it) 'Don't jump until you're sure you can make it safely' said Mike. Thankfully I remained dry, with all limbs unbroken.

It was a most enjoyable way of spending summer days. Some of us learnt about the art of navigation, and those who just went along for the ride enjoyed just watching the world go by. I would recommend it to anyone, especially if they can go with a few good friends - you will have enough laughs to last you a very long time.



'You just follow the sun, your nose or your latest whims'



FACT BOX

For those of you who like details, here is a quick run-down of the boat we chartered. It is a 40-foot trawler type motor yacht with twin 3-litre inboard diesel engines. It has a range of 600-800 miles at a cruising speed of approximately 10 knots. There is a double-berthed rear cabin with its own toilet, another double amidships with the front cabin being twin-bedded.

There is a toilet/shower just fore of the wheelhouse and a good sized galley and sitting/dining area just aft (impressed by the nautical terms?).

All cooking and bedding facilities are provided, as is everything else you would need except personal clothing etc.

The boat even has its own mobile telephone aboard, so whether you are a tycoon of industry or just worried about your plants getting watered, you can be contacted if need be. But beware, there is not a lot of storage space so pack lightly. Remember it's a naturist holiday! Care of Navserve.

Navserve has several boats available, which can be chartered by the day weekend or for a whole week. The 40-footer we were on is based at Walton-on-the-Naze and costs (per person inclusive): daily - £96.25; weekend - £175; weekly - £468.75. They have other, different-sized, boats at various locations, including a larger (58-ft) motor yacht based at Poole in Dorset.

Contact Navserve, 2A High Street, Wellingborough, Northants NN8 4HR (tel: (0933) 441629) for further details.

CLUB

We list the national organisations under each country. Write to them for further details enclosing stamps or an international reply coupon. Note that the addresses printed are often for information only, not the actual address of the grounds. Please, clubs, advise us of any changes!

DIRECTORY

INTERNATIONAL NATURIST FEDERATION (INF)

St. Hubertusstraat 3, B-2600 Berchem/Antwerpen, Belgium.

ARGENTINA

National Organisation: NAT, Casilla de Correo 2560, 1000 Buenos Aires, Argentina.

AUSTRALIA

Tindo Nat Club Inc., GPO Box 92, Adelaide, SA 50001.

Australian Nudist Information Bureau: P.O. Box 136, Hawthorn, Australia 3122.

International Organisation: Australian Nudist Federation, P.O. Box 268, Belconnenact 2616, Australia.

River Island Nature Retreat, P.O. Box 456, Mittagong, NSW, Australia 2049.

Sydney Sun and Social Club: P.O. Box 100, Dulwich Hill, Australia 2203.

AUSTRIA

National Organisation: ÖNV, Postfach 88, A-1024 Wien

BELGIUM

National Organisation: FBN, Postbus 66, 1000 Brussel 22.

Club Belvedere, La Coul, 152, 4580 Aubel.

De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, B-2020 Antwerpen.

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, B-9000 Gent.

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, B-3500 Hasselt.

Helios, P.O. Box 1185, B-1000 Bruxelles.

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, B-4000 Liege.

Pheobus, Rue de la Paix 44, Vredestraat 44, B-1050 Bruxelles.

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

BRAZIL

National Organisation: Federacao Brasileira de Naturismo, Caixa Postal 272, 88330 Bal de Comboriu S.C., Brazil.

BRITAIN

National Organisation: British Naturism, Assurance House, 35-41 Hazelwood Road, Northampton. NN1 1LL.

CLUBS (CCBN members)

Adventurers Sun Club, c/o British Naturism

Apollo Sun Club, c/o CCBN at above address.

Ashdene Sun Club, 500 Elland Road. Elland,

West Yorkshire, HX5 9JF.

Aztecs Sun Club, Crawley, West Sussex

RH10 3PE.

Blackthorns, Riseley Road, Sharnbrook, Bedford MK44 1NE.

Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club, Matchams Drive, Matchams, Ringwood, Hants BH24 2BU.

Brighton Sun Club, Hamshaw, Sloop Lane, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath, West Sussex.

Bristol Solarians, Tara, Mapleridge Road, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.

Broadland Sun Association Ltd., Brickle Road, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.

Charnwood Acres Country Club, Markfield Road, Ratby, Leicester.

Diogenes Sun Club, FREEPOST SL 837, Chalfont St Peter, Slough, SL9 0BR.

EDUN Club, c/o 53 Windrush Tower, Blackbird Leys, Oxford OX4 5HY.

Far West Sun Club, c/o The Moorings, Lower Middle Hill, Pensilva, Liskeard, Cornwall.

Garden of Eden, Roger Brett, Ty Rhos, Nevers Nurseries, Nevers, Nr. Newport, North Pembrokeshire, West Wales.

Gardenia Sun Club, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts.

Greenacres Club, Cornsay, Durham.

Invicta Sun Club, The Firs, Forge Lane, Sutton, Dover, Kent.

Lakeland Outdoor Club Cumbria, 'Hartside', Belmont, Ulverston, LA12 7HD.

Lancashire Sun Society, Hazel Grove, Sandy Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs.

Leicester Sun Group, K. Taylor, 20 Primrose Close, Narborough, Leics.

London Health and Sauna Club, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, London. W1.

New Forest Outdoor Club, North Lodge, Hurn Road, Ringwood, Hants.

Oxford Naturist Club, OXNAT, c/o British Naturism. Couples and families please.

Pendle Sun Club, c/o 12 Parkfield Drive, Ossett, W. Yorks.

Ribble Valley Sun Club, Briarwood, Ribchester Road, Clayton-le-Dale, Blackburn, Lancs.

Ridgewood Sun Club, Near Clevedon and

Bristol. John on 0272 552114.

Scottish Outdoor Club, 'Elstree', Inchmurrin Island, Balmaha, Glasgow G63 0JY.

South Hants Sun Society, Stockers, North Boarhunt, Fareham, Hants.

South Yorkshire Sun Club (S.Y.S.C.), c/o Gallimanfry, Treswell Road, South Leverton, Nr Retford, Notts DN22 0BP.

S.O.C. (Singles Outdoor), BM-SOC. London WC1N 3XX.

Spielplatz, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St Albans, Herts Tel: 0923 672126.

Springwood Sun Club, Cooks Hall Road, West Bergalt, Colchester, Essex.

Sun-Folk Society, The Spinney, Hazel Road, Park Street, St. Albans, Herts. AL2 2AJ.

Surrey Downs Clubs, Membership Secretary, PO Box 75, Woking, Surrey GU22 7XB.

Tando (Tyne-side and Newcastle District Outdoor Club). c/o British Naturism at above address.

Valerian Sun Club, PO Box 21, Ryde, I.O.W. PO33 4DZ.

White Rose Club, Flaxton, York.

Wrekin View Naturist Club, Crin Cottage, Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop.

Yorkshire Sun Society, Terry, 6 Rustenberg St., Hull HU9 2PT.

RECREATIONAL CHARITY

Naturist Foundation, Naturist Headquarters, Orpington BR5 4ET. Tel: 0689 871200.

Branches (enjoy use of Naturist Foundation Grounds):

Bexley Sun Society

Bromley Sun Society

Croydon Sun Society

North London Sun Society

South London Sun Society

OTHER CLUBS/VENUES

Chester Naturist Club, c/o 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

C.O.R.A.L., P.O. Box 120, Ashford, Kent TN23 2AQ.

EDUN Club, c/o 53 Windrush Tower, Blackbird Leys, Oxford OX4 5HY.

Eureka Club, Mark Wilson, Manor Lane, Fawkhams, Kent DA3 8ND. Tel: 04747 04418

Fiveacres Country Club, Bricket Wood, St. Albans.

Llandudno Naturist Group, c/o Summer Cottage, 11 Bryn Issa Road, Bynateg, Wrexham, Clwyd. LL12 6NN.

North Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devonshire.

Rios, 241 Kentish Town Rd., London NW5.

Tel: 071 485 0607.

S.E.N.G., c/o 11 Briar Close, Hawkwell, Essex.

Silverleigh Club, Main Rd., West Kingsdown,

Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel: 0474 853438.

Shabden Leisure Circle, 1 Shabden Cottages, High Road, Chipstead, Coulsdon, Surrey, CR3 3SE.

The Old Smithy, Penyfeidr, Llandeloy, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

Woodlands Club, Fillongley, Coventry, West Midlands.

OFFICIAL BEACHES

Ardeer Beach, Ayrshire, Scotland. About one mile South of the towns main beach, seperated by a promontory.

Cleats Shore, Lagg, Isle of Arran, Scotland. At the southern most tip of the island.

Fraisthorpe Sands, Bridlington, Yorkshire. Two miles South of main town beach.

Gunton Sands, Lowestoft, Suffolk. One mile north of Lowestoft, off B1385.

Holkham Beach, Norfolk. Follow Bones Drove (path), off A 149.

Leysdown East Beach, Isle of Sheppey, Kent. Half mile to the east of the town.

Fairlight Cove, Hastings, Sussex. Park at country park, walk down Fairlight Place to the Glen.

Brighton, East Beach, Sussex. A short distance to the east of the main town promenade.

St. Osyth, Essex. 1/2 mile past caravan site at St. Osyth.

Polgaver Beach, St. Austell, Cornwall. At east end of Carlyon Bay.

CANADA

National Organisation: The Western Canadian Sunbathing Association, P.O. Box 1113, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.

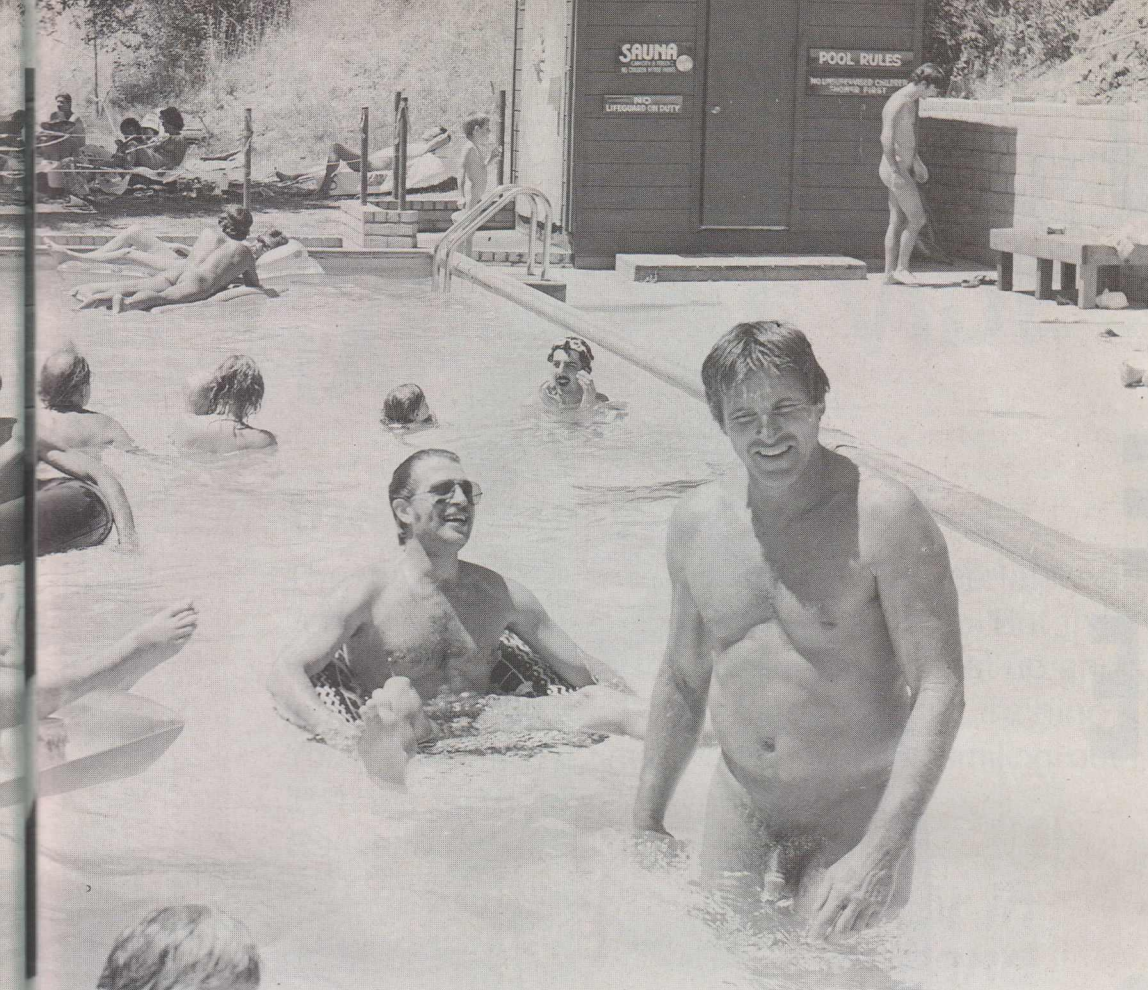
FQN: 4545 Avenue Pierre-de-Courbertin, C.P. 1000, Succursale M, Montreal, Quebec.

DENMARK

National Organisation: Dansk Naturist Union, c/o/ Marianes Ottosen, Ahornvej 58, DK-8680 Ry.

FRANCE

National Organisation: Federation Française de Naturisme (FFN), 53 rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, 75009 Paris.



There are so many clubs in France (details from the above) that we are just listing the naturist holiday centres.

Koad-ar-Roche, 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel.
La Herpinere, 49730 Montsoreau.
Creuse Nature, Le Cheix, 23600 Boussac-Bourg.
Centre Helio-Marin, 33930 Montalivet.
Camp Naturist de Grayan, Euronat, Grayan l'Hopital 33590.
Club Quercy-Agenais Naturiste, Rene Point, La Tuque, Belaye, 56140 Luzech.
Centre Naturiste de Devese, Bernard Lautier, 32380 St. Clar.
Centre Naturiste de Montagne, 'Les Clapières', 05100 Briançon.
Le Cro Magnon, Boite Postale 5, 24220 Beynac, Dordogne.
Alpes et Soleil, 38659 Sinard.
Domaine Naturiste International 'La Romegas', Mme Schillemans, 26170 Buisles-Baronnies.
Le Haut Chandelalar, Y. and P. Boigontier, 06850 Briançonnet, St. Auban.
Club de Soleil de Nice-Lévans, La Gorhetta, 06720 Levens.
Centre de Vacances de la Haute-Garduerre, 83830 Callas.
Domaine Naturiste de Belezey, 84410 Bedoin.
Plages des Templiers, M. Jacques Guerrier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferrol, 07700 Bourg-Saint-Andeol.
Relais de la Conche, Claude et Jeannine Bennetot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers.
Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, B.P. No.1, 30430 Barjac.
Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.
La Genese, Mejanne-le-Clap, 30710 Saint-Jean-de-Marvejols.
Les Bois de la Sabliere, St. Privat-de-Champclos, 30430 Barjac.
Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Cosse', Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.
Gymno-club Mediterranean, Serignan Nature, 34410 Serignan.
Village du Bose, Octon, 34800 Clermont l'Herault.
Camping Saint Pierre, 34150 Gignac.
Centre Naturiste de Vacances, Le Fiscaloug Puyelsi 81140, Castelnau de Montmiral.
Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Cosse', Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.
Village Ulysse, Port Leucate, 11370.
Village Aphrodite, Port Leucate 11370.
Le Clapotis, 11480 La Palme.
Club du Soleil de Perpignan, Dominique Martinez, 'Le Ventous', 66150 Arles-sur-Tech.

Village Naturiste de Serralongue, 66230 Prats-de-Mollo.
La Sesquiere, Vieux, 81140 Castelnau de Montmiral.

IN CORSICA
Au Moulin et la Cascade Corse, B.P. 36, 20210 Porto-Vecchio.
La Bagheera, Anga Filippi, La Bagheera, La Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicolao Pietra-di-Verde.
Le Moulin, 20210, Porto-Vecchio.
La Chiappa, F-20137 Porto Vecchio.

GERMANY

National Organisation: DFK, Geschäfts stelle, Uhlemeyerstrasse 14, W-3000 Hannover 1.

We have listed only the larger sites—with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above.

CLUBS
Familienferienzeltplatz Amrum, 2278 Wittdün/Amrum.
Strand Camping Wallnau, 2000 Hamburg 63, Overn Barg 19.
Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.
Eurocamping Zedano, Reinhold Reshöft, 2435 Dahme Nord.
Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen e.V. (DFK), 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845.
Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V. (DFK), D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach 907.
Sun Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK), D-2120 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.
Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hanover (DFK), D-3000 Hannover, Yorkstrasse 7.
Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 33 Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.
Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK), D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach 492.
Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501.
Naturistenbund Rheidt e.V. (DFK), Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.
Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und Familiensport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK), D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weiterstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861.

Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK), Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trier.
Lichtbund Saar e.V. Sarbrücken (DFK), Postfach 973, D-6600 Saarbrücken.
FKK-Familienportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK), 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51.
Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK), D-7500 Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103.
Natursportbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK), D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchenkimbberg-Feriengelände Schönrain.
Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK), D-7000 Stuttgart 1, Postfach 66.
Bfi Sonnland e.V. (DFK), 78 Freiburg, Dreikönigstrasse 1.
Drei-Länder-Eck, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch.
Verein der Saunafreunde e.V. (DFK), D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitzstrasse 8.

GREECE AND EASTERN EUROPE

EEDC, 6 Filomilas St, 145 65 Ekali, Greece.

HOLLAND

National Organisation: Drift 3, 3512 BP Utrecht.

There are no obstacles in Holland for singles (male and female) for visiting the club grounds or for becoming a member of the NFN-affiliated naturist clubs.

IRELAND

There is a naturist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic. For details write to: Irish Naturist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

Club Aquarius & Naturist Information Centre. Both at 78 Francis Street, Dublin 8.
Cork Naturist Club, PO Box 6, Middleton, Co. Cork.

Northern Outdoor Association, P.O. Box 10, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1UX.

ITALY

Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA), Via N. Bixio, 32, I-20129 Milano.
Unione Naturisti Italiani (UNI), Castella Postale 185, I-10100 Torino.

National Organisation: FNI, Via Guicciardini, 3, 10121 Torino To.
Pizzo Greco, 88076 Isola Capo Rizzuto, PO Box 37, Catanzaro, Italy.

IVORY COAST

National Organisation: FIN, Club de Soleil d'Abidjan, Il Boite postale 1218, Abidjan II, Cote d'Ivoire.

LUXEMBOURG

National Organisation: BoitePostale 1236, 1020 Luxembourg.

MOROCCO

SCI Le Soleil, c/o Lt. Col. Landrin, 15 rue des Tuileries, Casablanca, Morocco.

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand Naturist Federation, P.O. Box 1359, Wellington, New Zealand.

NORWAY

National Organisation: Norsk Naturistforbund (NNF), Postboks 189, Sentrum N0102 Oslo 1, Norway.

PORTUGAL

National Organisation: Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Apartado 3232, 1306 Lisbon.

ROMANIA

Rompen Club International, Postfach 21 08 65, D-5900 Siegen, BRD.

SOUTH AFRICA

National Organisation: SANFED, c/o Beau Valley CC, P.O. Box 326, Warmbaths, 0480, South Africa.

SPAIN

Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel des Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.
Club Catala de Naturismo, Mallorca, 221, 3er, 2a, 08008 Barcelona.

SWEDEN

National Organisation: Sveriges Naturist Förbund (SNF), Box 502, 23010 Skanör.

SWITZERLAND

Switzerland UNS secretary: PO Box 85, CH 3138 Utendorf.

USA

Two National Organisations:
American Sunbathing Association Inc., 1703-E North Main Street, Kissimmee, FL 32744-9988, USA.
National Nudist council: Route #1 Box 34, Sprakers, New York 12166.
International Naturist Youth Hostel Association, INYHA, POB 4755, Philadelphia, PA 19134, USA. Tel: (125) 425 5240.

CONTACT ORGANISATIONS

Network International Coordinators, Box 3582, Peenhill Ltd., 28 Charles Square, Pitfield Street, London, N1 6HT.
 Run for the benefit of all naturists who are interested in other people and their way of life. Accepting bona fide naturist couples and ladies, at present to expand world members list. Please send £1.00.

NATURIST GUIDEBOOKS

The following are particularly useful:
Free Sun Beaches by Phil Vallack. £7.65 mail order from H&E Books.
Naturist Guide-book, £7.95 mail order from H&E Books.

**ARE YOU
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OF
NUDITY?**

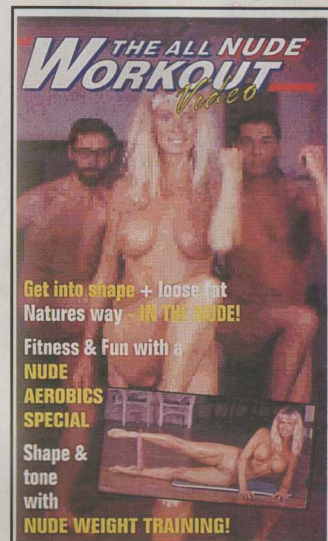


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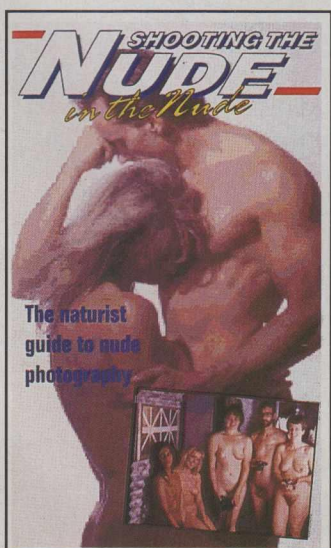
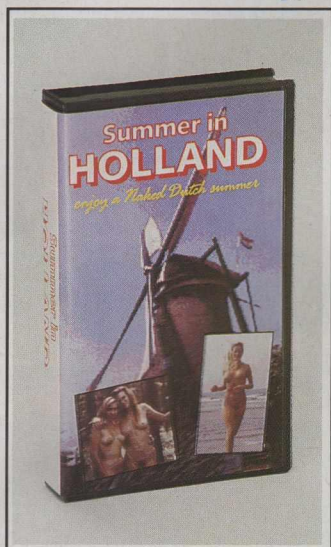
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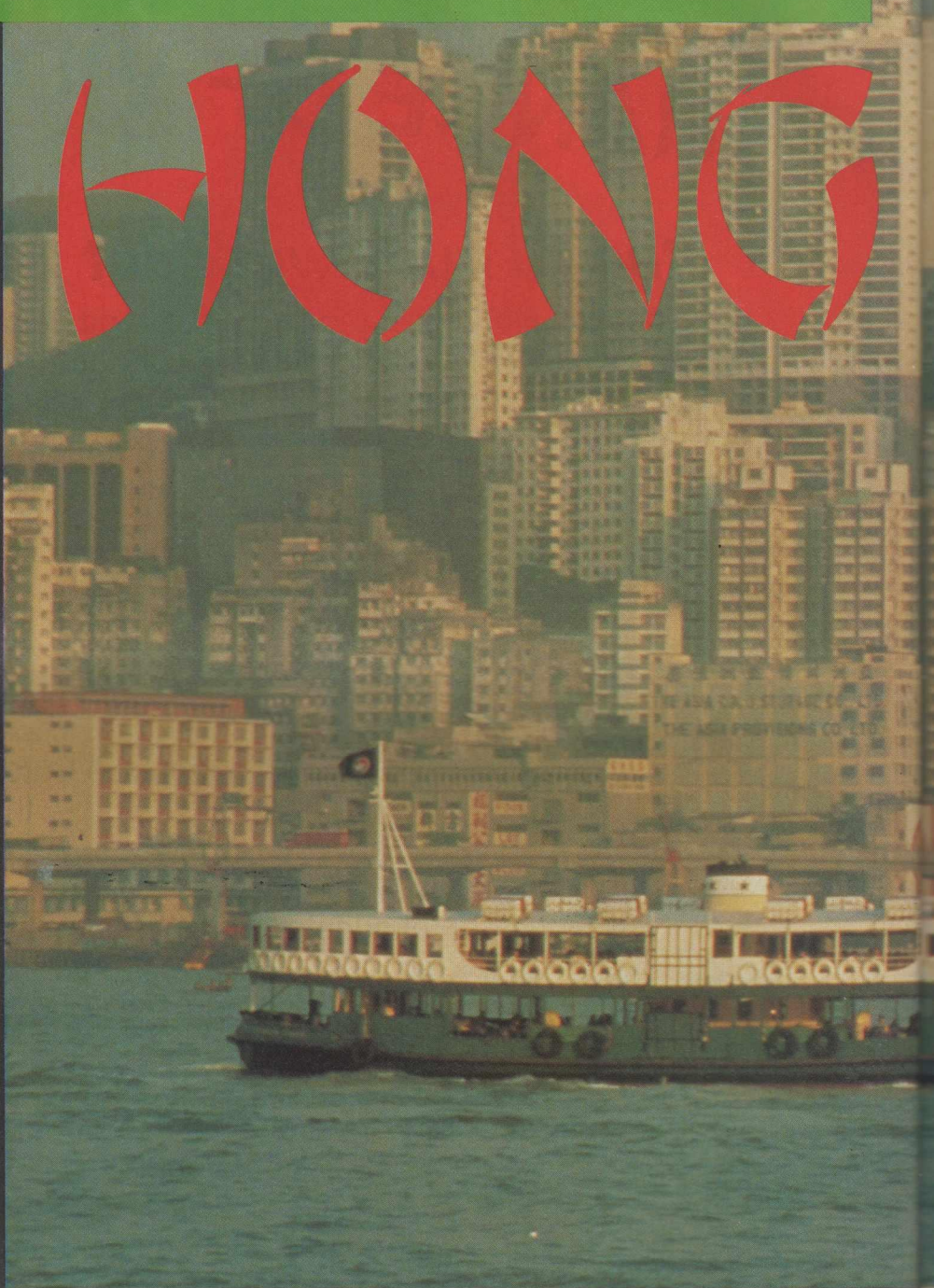
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Naturally!

CHRISTMAS IN

HONG



We went to church first thing then returned for breakfast. By late morning we had crossed from Hong Kong Island by a small ferry to Middle Island and had climbed a narrow sheep path flanked with head height grass or bushes.

Occasionally we passed cream coloured orchids. They are found all over our hills in the dry winter season. Soon we were up on the ridge. The sun shone and there was a pleasant breeze so we stripped off our walking clothes and lay in the grass and enjoyed the winter sun.

The turkey and the Christmas pudding

has been relegated to the evening.

We did the same for New Year. It was lovely up there. A 100 metres above sea level on the grassy mountainous ridge but still within sound of the sea almost straight below. We could soak up the warm sun and watch the world go by.

The sea sparkled and boats moved gently over the South China Sea. Pleasure junks made their way over towards Lamma Island and the Po Toi Islands. Further to the south the Lemna Islands could be seen in the haze. The fishing boats moved steadily passed them like small toys.

Out in Hong Kong we can go one better in the holiday stakes. We also

STRANGE EVENTS

KONG



At Christmas David & Jennifer lay naked in the warm Eastern breeze. For Chinese New Year they narrowly escaped being hit by smugglers. They live to tell the tale!



have Chinese New Year which is a four day festival.

The festival falls in late February or in March and by then we may well be into the cloudy damp weather of spring.

This is our account of last years festival.

The weather broke and we had the traditional heavy cloud. New Year's day was grey so no sailing. Instead we collected our swimming things and walked over the hill to our local sports club. Sad to say, but we have no sun clubs in Hong Kong or nude swimming at public pools, but at least we can expect the indoor pool to be a pleasant 30°C.

When we had swam our usual kilometre we walked back again. That took us three hours and since it was

Us - nudist undercover agents

warm enough we sat out on the balcony for a light lunch in watery sun and patchy cloud. But we soon retreated to tinker with various bits of paper work including letter writing to our naturist network friends all over the world.

So the first day of the festival was quiet. The forecast predicted cloud, rain and cool winds. That is what we got. We were fed up as we planned two days working at home, and two on Rascal our small cruising yacht. But the forecast did not suggest that the rest of the four day holiday would be suitable for boating. Gloom.

As you may guess we woke up to bright sunshine on day three, although at sixish in the morning there had been thick cloud swirling around the mountain peaks.

We dashed off to Rascal. A northerly wind pushed us fast south down Port Shelter ... we had a picnic lunch which we hoped to enjoy in the sun. David did manage to strip off for an hour, although Jennifer thought it ranked no more than



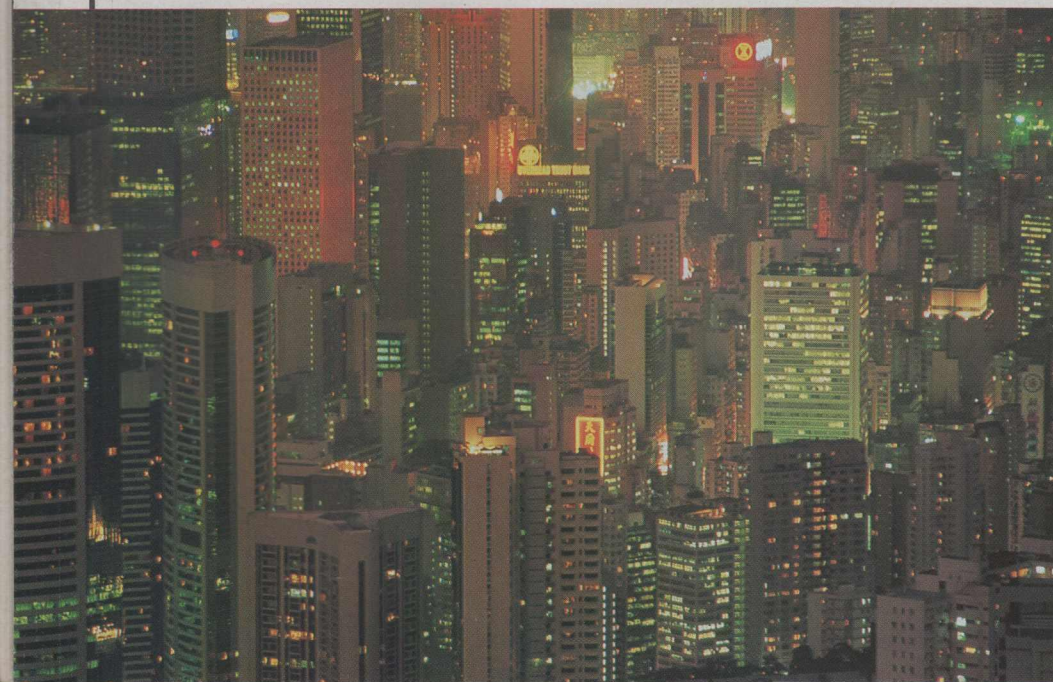
Causeway Bay.

removal of long trousers.

Then we thought we would run north up the coast off shore from Sai Kung towards Mirs Bay and see how far we could get by four o'clock, we still had a four hour beat north to Tap Mun and sheltered waters for a night anchorage, so we turned back.

For several nights previously we had had heavy mist and did not want to try to pass Kau Tau reefs or the rock banks off Tap Mun on a moonless and maybe foggy night. We don't mind night sailing, but one look at the chart for that area shows it to be a mass of hazards best negotiated in clear daylight.

But as it happens if we had not turned back, we would not have got such a close up view of a minor skirmish between a police patrol boat and four



smugglers boats.

Sad to say the police boat was not really in the race. The sea going vessel came from the east out of Dai Long Wan at 35 knots in a light swell but with plenty of white foaming spray breaking around the bow. The smugglers were coming up from Basalt and Bluff Islands at about 50-60 knots.

When we were in Mirs Bay the year before we saw the runners carrying televisions and VCR's. They had vanguards and rearguards and outriders all in separate speed boats, and each with radios. Now at New Year we saw the bigger trade. This time we saw the car runners.

The loss of Mercedes cars and virtually any size of van and four wheel drives high in Hong Kong. If what we saw was an average day, our streets will soon be less crowded with cars and vans.

Three of the boats were carrying vans or 4WD's. One of them diverted from the others as they approached us and the police. They were obviously not pushing hard and were enjoying the run up



A Christmas portrait!



Happy New Year.

passed Mirs Bay into Chinese waters to unload. In fact one of the crew was so happy with life he waved to us at they crashed through the waves not more than 200 metres from us!

That is as close as you want to come to a high speed power boat which started life as a pleasure craft, but which has been reinforced to carry heavy loads and is capable of hitting rocks and bouncing even when carrying a cargo of a car.

This is something which does not appear on our slides or photos too. Even the year before when we were cruising gently north up Mirs Bay in the hot summer sun we did not think to take snaps. We must have been nude and not

Happy New Year! Kung Hei Fat Choi!

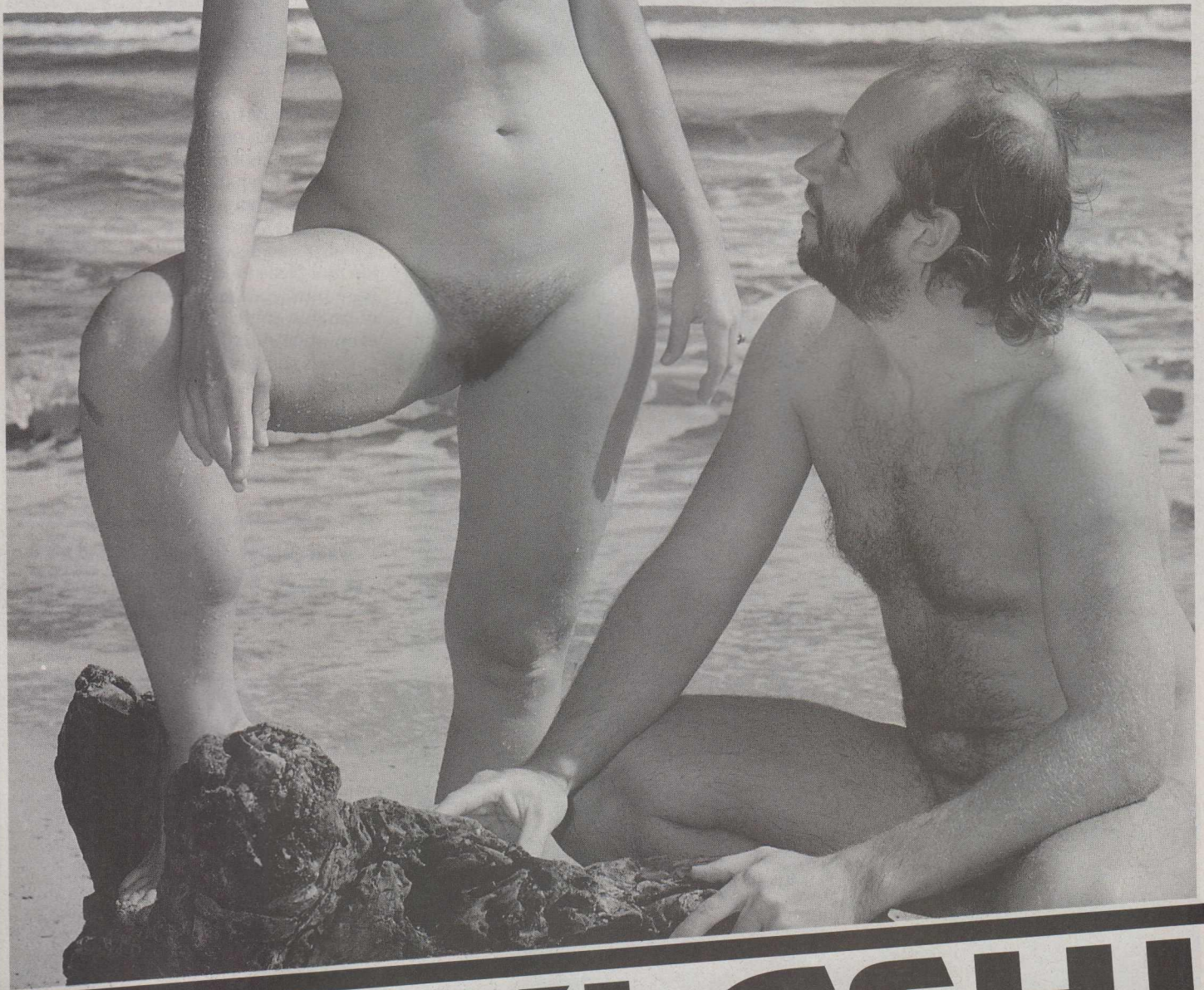
of any interest but were convinced we were under observation. The glint of the sun on a lens would only have raised suspicions. An interesting thought that ... nudist undercover agents!

These dark grey craft are about 15 metres long with four 1000 horse power outboard engines. They have a raised wheel bridge where a crew of four sit in the open (if you discount the bullet proof plating around them!).

So much for our brush with the smugglers and our excitement for the holiday. We were quite glad to get back into sheltered waters. As it was we sailed back into the myriad of islands that makes up the eastern seaboard of Hong Kong.

We still enjoyed being naturists that day, well tucked in under the bedclothes in the cosy cabin at our anchorage in the calm of Jade Bay.

**NATURISTS SPEND SO
MUCH TIME ON THE
DEFENSIVE - WHY CAN'T
WE JUST ENJOY IT?**



BACKLASH!



**People are always
suspicious of change
but sometimes it's
necessary. You can
never please
everybody, though
can you?**
by Jon Williams
H&E's Feature Editor

Feelings seem to be running high amongst many nudists at the moment! Everybody has an opinion on what 'real naturism' is and suddenly they all want to air it.

Not publicly of course, for that would only encourage derision and ridicule from their friends and colleagues should they ever get to hear of it.

So instead they mutter and

moan to each other in hushed tones in their cliquey little clubrooms in the privacy of their privet-edged enclaves.

Of course they are angry! Their cosy little world where they all practise being so bloody natural is under threat from a salacious monster which keeps rearing its twin heads of sex and freedom over their fences. They resent its unwelcome presence and it

frightens them.

It's a bit like the ordinary, sensible nudists who happen to use an established, yet unofficial, section of a public beach to strip off on getting hassled by restrictive councils and rabid protesters – anyone who uses Climping's West Beach will know what I mean – every time he or she whips their shorts off.

H&E has had a few knives



pointed in its direction, although no one would dare to use them unless our back was turned. Nevertheless, they continue to amaze us with their insight into our future plans. How did they know that we were going to become a porn mag? We didn't!

We're not, incidentally, and anyone with an ounce of sense could see that – if they bothered to think intelligently for a second instead of just seeing who could bleat the loudest about the intrusion into their

harmless hobby.

Any unfortunate rambler who happened to chance upon some club's perimeter fence during all this would probably imagine he'd found some sort of manic battery-sheep farming establishment, and head straight for the local paper in disgust.

They'd swoop, snoop and scoop the biggest local story since the Mayor bit a dog in the high street in 1986.

I can see the headlines now:
**SAUCY SECRETS OF
SEVENACRES - SHORN SHEEP
SWAMP SUNCLUB SHOCK!**

***This isn't
pornography, just
nudity.***



*There's too much
hot air blowing
around already –
why add to it?*

WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOUR?



That'd bump your membership up wouldn't it.

So come on, let's have a little less moaning and a little more unity. After all, there are enough people around who'd like to see naturism - however it happens to be approached - banished forever and I don't think any of us wants that to happen.

Oh, by the way, all that sheep stuff was merely a poor attempt at humour, you need a lot of it if you're a naturist. Remember that.



Hand in hand is happiness.



Celebrate – don't moan!

ICE-BATHING IN SHETLAND

continued from page 45.

Viking burial-ground known as Harald's Grave, And for a real naturist experience, it's well worth-while tramping across the island to its western seaboard at Woodwick (there's no 'wood' here and it's a bay).

The cliffs are alive with birds, and you can spend a long time watching the antics of those comical little birds the puffins, who have a colony at Woodwick. And if the sun shines, you'll be glad to strip off your walking gear and enjoy Woodwick naked. It's all little hills and dales, where you can walk around barefoot if you like. But it's no place for the gregarious.

If your idea of naturist fun consists of the milling naked goodies of Cap d'Agde or the unremitting bonhomie of your sun club, Woodwick is not the place for you. Miles from anywhere, and not another soul in sight, alone except for the cries of the birds - maybe this is the kind of solitary place where one can at last discover, and experience, the true spirit of naturism.

There still remains one excursion that must on no account be missed. (But you'll have to be clothed - if only for your own protection!) This is the expedition to the Nature Reserve at Hermaness the last bastion of Britain - the Ultima Thule of the Romans.

On the way you'll call at Haraldswick to mail your postcards from the most northerly post-office in the Kingdom. Then on to the Reserve, which you can hardly miss.

Now there are tens of thousands of birds

***'The kind of solitary place
where one can experience
the true spirit of naturism'***

overhead and the noise is deafening. There are gulls, terns, kittiwakes, fulmars, gannets - and the ubiquitous Great Skua - or "Bonxie" as the Shelties call it - a fierce, predatory bird that dive-bombs all who approach its nesting-sites. (This 'dive-bombing' is very alarming but you're in no real danger - provided you keep your head covered!)

And so on to Hermaness itself - veritably, so it seems, the edge of the world. Here's where the Roman galleys turned back - and small blame to them! Now you stand on the edge of a towering cliff with the sea raging hundreds of feet below you; and a little way out to sea lies the tiny island of Muckle Flugga with its solitary lighthouse - surely the loneliest habited site in Britain.

Behind you lie six hundred miles of good honest British soil - for plainly Hermaness is as British as London or Southend or Penzance or Cardiff. And before you - and it's a solemn thought too - beyond Muckle Flugga - beyond those Atlantic mists - there is nothing - nothing - all the way to the North Pole ...

It's been a long journey and, let's face it, a fairly expensive one. Has it been worth it? Well if you enjoy solitude, splendid scenery, delightful people, sandy beaches and a daring swim in an icy sea - plus some truly rewarding open-air nudity - then surely you'll be back. And surely, too, so will we - for the sake of that magical Simmer Dim - which is quite irresistible.



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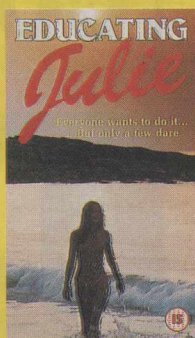
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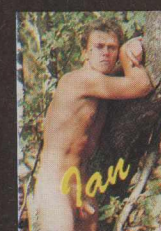
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